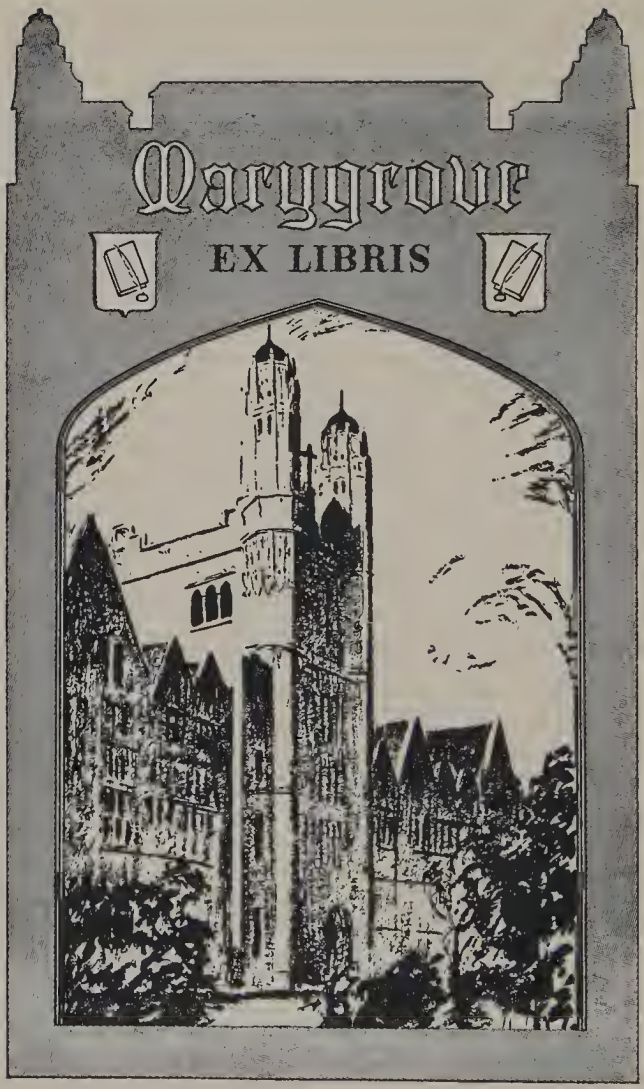

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LIFE OF ST. MALACHY

BY

AILBE J. LUDDY, *O.Cist.*

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To His Eminence

Joseph Cardinal MacRory,

Successor of SS. Patrick and Malachy

In the Primacy

of Armagh,

This Life of St. Malachy is

Respectfully and humbly

Inscribed.

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FOREWORD

THIS *Life of St. Malachy,* such as it is, has been inspired by a sense of gratitude towards the great and holy Bishop who first introduced into Ireland the religious Family to which the Author has the happiness to belong. The time, moreover, appears opportune for the publication of a new Biography. Diligent inquiry has brought to light the almost incredible fact that—apart from the Catholic Truth booklet—there is at present no *Life* of this illustrious Saint available for the English reader. The valuable works of O'Hanlon and O'Laverty have most unfortunately been permitted to go out of print. We may, therefore, entertain the hope that our little Volume will not only serve as a long-delayed tribute from an Irish Cistercian to an eminent benefactor of his Order, but will also fill a gap in Irish hagiography.

In compiling the work, we have, of course, drawn most extensively from St. Bernard's classic *Vita,* but we have also carefully consulted other ancient authors likely to prove helpful, particularly our native Annalists. Amongst modern publications, we must acknowledge our special indebtedness to Dr. Lawlor's scholarly work, *St. Malachy of Armagh,* Coleman's *Memoirs of Armagh,* MacCarthy's *Annals of Ulster,* and Kenney's *Sources for the Early History of Ireland.* The Rev. Professor Power, University College,

Cork, and the Rev. Myles Ronan, Dun Laoghaire, have assisted us with their expert knowledge in the solution of some historical difficulties. Rev. Father Duggan, S.T.L., M.A., Cork, has also rendered important help by his painstaking reading of the proofs and by his valuable suggestions.

Finally, our best thanks are due and hereby tendered to His Eminence Cardinal MacRory for granting us the great privilege of adorning our front page with a name so illustrious and so deservedly dear to all Irishmen.

Mount Melleray Abbey,
Feast of St. Malachy, 1930.

INTRODUCTION

THE period 492-795, that is, from the death of our National Apostle to the coming of the Norsemen, has been called the Golden Age of the Irish Church. And not without reason. During those three centuries Ireland presented the closest approximation to the ideal of a Christian State that this world has even seen. The seed sown by Patrick, "falling upon good ground, sprung up and yielded fruit a hundred-fold." In the history of religion can be found nothing comparable to the generous enthusiasm with which the Irish people welcomed and put in practice the faith of Christ. Multitudes of the neophytes, both men and women, not content to purchase heaven at the lowest price, entered immediately upon the steep and narrow path of Christian perfection. Along with this yearning after a life of holiness, there was also excited in souls an insatiable thirst for knowledge. And with such zeal and success were both these objects pursued that the country soon became known as the Island of Saints and Scholars.

Although monks have played an important part in the establishment or development of Christianity in many lands, history will justify us in speaking of the early Irish Church as pre-eminently a monastic Church. You will hardly find one amongst its myriad Saints that was not trained in the cloister.

From the very beginning of our Christianity, as indeed ever since, despite the vivaciousness of the national character, monasticism made a powerful appeal to religious-minded Gaels. Hence, even before the close of the fifth century, we see great monasteries and convents springing up as if by magic in every part of the country. Many of them were inhabited by thousands of fervent souls. And in these communities might be found nobles and princes, even sovereign rulers, who for the love of God had renounced all worldly advantages to put themselves on a level with rustics and serfs.

As a rule, the monastic institution became in time a busy seat of learning, where the religious freely imparted the knowledge they had acquired. The numbers of students attending some of these schools would undoubtedly appear incredible had we nothing but native testimony to rely upon. But the evidence of our ancient annalists is fully corroborated by the statements of unprejudiced witnesses, such as Venerable Bede. And the students came not alone from every part of Ireland, but from various Continental countries, from Rome itself and even from Egypt, as we learn from the *Felire* of St. Aengus. There was welcome for all, and everything was given gratis: books, food and lodging, as well as instruction. For this also we have the testimony of Bede, who further informs us that the young Anglo-Saxons, his compatriots, were treated with particular favour. In Armagh they had a third part of the town assigned for their residence, called the Trian Saxon. As late as 1169 we find the Ard-Ri Rory

O'Connor making liberal provision for the support of these students from Alba. Alas for human ingratitude! Within a very few years other natives of Alba were to visit Armagh, not for the sake of its sanctity and learning, but to burn its churches and schools and to pour out like water the blood of its teachers. They would come from the fertile South, leaving behind them ruin and desolation. And that would be but the beginning of woes. A day was to come when their descendants would put the same price upon the head of an Irish wolf and an Irish schoolmaster, and give God's wondering angels a new sight to see: the slow martyrdom of a nation.

As for the learning imparted in the Irish monastic schools, nothing equal to it could be found elsewhere in Christendom, not even at Rome. The Professors, writes Bishop Turner, were "not only the chief teachers of grammar, poetry, astronomy, music and geography when these branches had no other or scarcely any other representative in Europe, but they also profoundly influenced the course of medieval thought in matters of philosophy and theology. Their elucidation of the Gospel of St. John and their commentaries on the Epistles of St. Paul formed a new school of exegesis. . . . They introduced the Neo-Platonic point of view in metaphysical speculation, and carried the art of dialectic to a higher point than it had ever before attained. It is no exaggeration to say that they were the founders of scholasticism and that Ireland is the Iona of medieval philosophy." According to Cardinal Newman, "Philosopher in those days was almost synonymous

with Irish Monk." The curriculum included the classic languages, the various arts, and all that was then known under the name of science, sacred and profane. Modern savants, such as the Frenchman De Jubainville and the German Traube, tell us that at least in the ninth century Irishmen had the monopoly of Greek scholarship. Hebrew also must have been taught in some of the schools, as is evident from the writings of Augustine, Erigena, and King Cormac of Cashel. Amongst the decorative arts special attention was devoted to calligraphy and illumination. The specimens surviving show to what perfection they were brought. Says Westwood: "At a period when the fine arts may be said to be almost extinct in Italy and other parts of the Continent, nearly from the fifth to the end of the eighth century, the art of ornamenting MSS. had a perfection almost miraculous in Ireland." And in the judgment of another competent critic, Sir Edward O'Sullivan, the Book of Kells, produced about the middle of the ninth century, "occupies a position of abiding pre-eminence amongst the illuminated MSS. of the world." Much the same might be said of Irish sculpture and metal-work.

The work of teaching and preaching in their native country did not afford sufficient scope for the zeal of the Irish monks. Accordingly they issued forth from their peaceful cloisters and from the land of their birth, which they loved with a love inexpressible, to bring the light of life to the peoples that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. Not alone monks, but bishops also, were stricken with the divine

wander-lust. In every part of Europe they were to be met with, those peaceful crusaders, from the geysers and snows of Iceland to the shores of the Black Sea, from the Seine to the Dnieper. Well might they appropriate the words of the Mantuan Bard :

" Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?"

And whithersoever they went they founded monasteries and schools which radiated the light of faith and knowledge through all the surrounding districts. According to an ancient author quoted by Reeves, there were twenty-five Irish monasteries in Britain, seven in France, twelve in Armorica, seven in Lorraine, ten in Alsatia, sixteen in Bavaria, fifteen in Rhetia, Helvetia and Allemania. Of Irish missionaries, one hundred and fifty (of whom thirty-six are martyrs) have been raised to the honours of the altar in Germany, forty-five (six martyrs amongst them) in France, thirty in Belgium, thirteen in Italy, eight (all martyrs) in Norway and Iceland. Many of them also, as Dungal, Virgilius, Dicuil, Augustine and Marianus Scotus, won immortal fame by their services to science. Zimmer does them no more than justice when he says : " They were instructors in every branch of science and learning of the time, possessors and bearers of a higher culture than was at that time to be found anywhere on the Continent, and they can surely claim to have been the pioneers —to have laid the corner-stone of Western culture on the Continent." In the language of Renan, they were " the scientific colonisers of Western Europe." And Bellesheim affirms that not alone Britain, but

France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, owed their Christianity in large measure to Irish missionaries.

The close of the eighth century found the Irish Church at the zenith of its power and splendour. It possessed innumerable churches, monasteries and schools, a learned and devoted clergy, and exercised a dominant influence on social and domestic life. Everything seemed to augur well for a glorious future. Nevertheless, evil days were at hand. In the year 795 the Danes or Vikings made their first attack upon Ireland. It was only a piratical raid, and the marauders were content to escape with their booty. But they came back again and again, established strongholds at strategic points, and at last made it clear that they aimed at nothing less than the conquest of the whole island. The lack of union amongst the native princes favoured their design. How intense was the invaders' hatred of Christianity may be inferred from the fact that they made churches, schools, and monasteries special objects of attack, and, though ruthless towards all, they showed themselves particularly ruthless towards priests and monks, who were massacred without mercy wheresoever found.

For more than two centuries the struggle continued with varying fortune, until April 23rd, 1014, when the sword of Brian and his brave Dalcassians broke for ever the Norseman's power. It is a high tribute to Irish generosity that after the victory of Clontarf the Danish towns of Dublin, Waterford and Limerick were in nowise molested. Their populations quietly accepted the new *régime* and submitted to the laws

of the land. In Dublin, at least, the majority of them had already become Christian. But if one in faith with their conquerors, they showed how far they were from being one in sympathy by sending their bishops for consecration, not to the successor of St. Patrick at Armagh, whose jurisdiction they disowned, but to the successor of St. Augustine at Canterbury.

War has always and inevitably a demoralising effect upon a nation. When people are inured to violence and bloodshed nice distinctions between what is lawful and what is not are apt to be overlooked. Moreover, the excitements and alarms of the time, the hourly appeals to passion and the often unavoidable intermission of religious duties, tend to call out all the animal in our nature. So we cannot reasonably expect that Ireland emerged from her conflict with the Danes on the same spiritual level as she entered it. Whilst the long struggle lasted it was no easy matter to recruit the ranks of the clergy, to rebuild the demolished schools and churches—Armagh was plundered and burned nine times—and to replace the books which the invaders loved to destroy. Nor was it much easier to do so after 1014. Brian's victory brought, no doubt, freedom from foreign oppression, but it did not bring peace. The period separating the defeat of the Danes from the advent of the Normans (1168) was occupied with a fierce contest between three families—the O'Briens of Munster, the MacLoughlins of Ulster and the O'Connors of Connacht—for the dignity of Ard-Ri. This war of Gael against Gael was marked with

sacrileges and atrocities quite equal to the worst attributed to the Norsemen. No wonder, then, that the opening of the twelfth century found religion and morality at a low ebb in some parts of Ireland. The great wonder was that anything at all survived of the old Christianity and culture. Yet, sad as was the spectacle which the country then presented, it had not fallen to the depths of demoralisation in which many another nation found itself after a much shorter period of warfare—France, for instance, after the Napoleonic wars. This must be borne in mind when we contemplate the ugly picture of twelfth century Ireland painted by St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

In order to preclude the necessity of long digressions further on, we shall here consider the abuses existing or alleged to exist in the Irish Church at this time. There is no question of doctrinal errors: "As ye are Christians, be ye also Romans," was St. Patrick's injunction to his beloved Irish children, and the words were never forgotten.

About the year 1075, Archbishop Lanfranc of Canterbury, to whose jurisdiction were subject the Danish settlements in Ireland, writing to the Ard-Ri, Turlough O'Brien, and his vassal, King Gothric of Dublin, implored them to put a stop to certain scandals reported to be prevalent in the Irish Church. The scandals were these: (1) the omission of chrism in the administration of Baptism; (2) the practice of simony; (3) consecration of bishops by a single prelate; (4) marriage within the forbidden degrees; (5) such a contempt for the sanctity of marriage that not only did men divorce their wives, but were in

the habit of exchanging them. Some twenty years later Lanfranc's successor, St. Anselm, complained of the same abuses in letters addressed to King Murtough O'Brien, adding to the list the unreasonable multiplication of Irish bishops for whom there was no diocese or only churches of small importance, a practice which he considered calculated to bring the episcopal office into contempt.

Now, with regard to the first of these charges, it may be pointed out that the use of chrism neither belonged to the essence of Baptism nor was it prescribed as yet by any general law of the Church. In early times when Baptism used to be administered ordinarily by a bishop, it was the custom to confirm the baptised without delay. But when the practice of postponing Confirmation came into vogue, the anointing with chrism, essential to this Sacrament, was in many places retained as part of the ritual of Baptism also. But the Irish Church did not adopt the anointing as a baptismal ceremony until the twelfth century. The charge of simony seems to have been well founded, as we find the Synod of Kells legislating against it in 1152. Yet anybody familiar with the writings of St. Bernard will be disposed to doubt if this vice could have been more widespread in Ireland than elsewhere. The large number of Irish bishops [1] in the twelfth and preceding centuries as well as the consecrations by a single prelate can be partly explained with reference to the fact (which appears

[1] St. Aengus mentions 141 places in Ireland each of which possessed at the same time *seven* bishops. Cf. Todd, *S. Patrick*, p. 35.

to have escaped the English primates) that the institution of rural bishops (chorepiscopi), abolished elsewhere, continued still in Ireland. These ecclesiastics made their first appearance at the end of the third century in Asia Minor, whence they soon spread throughout the Church. Although called bishops, it is doubtful if they had, at least as a rule, more than priestly orders. In accordance with a decree of the Council of Antioch (341), they were ordained by the diocesan and assisted him in the administration, usually by taking charge of outlying country districts. It is supposed they were introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick himself, which would render intelligible the statement of St. Aengus that the Apostle conferred their orders on "seven times fifty holy bishops"—the Tripartite puts the number up to 370, cf. Healy's *Life of S. Patrick,* p. 550. At the same time it must be admitted that the number of dioceses in this country as compared with other nations, was excessive. Moreover, these Irish dioceses lacked territorial definition, a most serious inconvenience. We shall see the National Synod of Rathbreasail in 1110 putting a stop to this anomalous state of things.

Ecclesiastical legislation on the forbidden degrees of kindred has undergone a good deal of change in the course of the centuries. The divine positive law, as laid down in *Leviticus,* ch. xviii, does not extend the prohibition beyond the second degree, nor even entirely to that. It is possible that the primitive Church contented herself with the same measure of strictness. But she became more rigorous as time

went on, accommodating herself to the Roman civil law, and in the eighth century her forbidden degrees included the seventh: not all, however, were considered diriment impediments. Before St. Malachy's time, and even down to the Synod of Cashel (1172), the only forbidden degrees generally acknowledged by the Irish were those specified in *Leviticus,* with which, by the way, the Justinian code was at one in this respect. It would have been extremely difficult to carry out the common law in Ireland on account of the marriage restrictions imposed by the clan system. Even where no such system prevailed the difficulty of observing the seven degrees was so great that Innocent III, in the Fourth Lateran Council (1215), reduced them to four; recent legislation has still further narrowed the prohibition, limiting it to the third degree. Cf. Gilmartin, *Manual of Church History,* II, p. 415.

There was another peculiarity about Irish marriages which, although it is not mentioned by either Lanfranc or St. Anselm, must have been in St. Bernard's mind when he accused the Irish of not contracting legitimate marriages. It was ignorance of the same that led Cambrensis (Gerald Barry) to affirm that the institution of marriage did not exist amongst the Irish. The ancient canons distinguished two kinds of espousals, *sponsalia de futuro* and *sponsalia de praesenti*—the marriage proper. The former, called now espousals simply or betrothal, was a solemn contract, made before witnesses and accompanied with elaborate ceremonies and the sacerdotal benediction, by which the parties

pledged themselves to unite with each other in marriage within a definite time. Violation of this contract was punished by Church and State as severely as violation of the marriage bond. Hence, in the early middle ages the opinion became current that this contract, when followed by cohabitation, sufficed for the validity of marriage, so that the second was regarded as superfluous. Certain decrees of Popes Alexander III and Gregory IX could be cited in confirmation of this view. (Cf. Lanigan's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland,* Vol. IV, pp. 70-72 and 88.) Now, it was in this way the Irish and some other Christian peoples, not to mention the Jews, used to celebrate their marriages. The custom was retained in some parts of Ireland to the end of the sixteenth century.

Coming now to the archbishop's most serious indictment, viz., a contemptuous disregard for the sacredness of the marriage bond, we confess to a feeling of scepticism with respect to this accusation. If there had really been a widespread habit of the kind it must have vanished very quickly without leaving a trace, since neither of the National Synods, Rathbreasail, 1110, and Kells, 1152, apparently made reference to it, nor is it mentioned by so well-informed a writer as St. Bernard, who certainly does not mince his words when denouncing the faults of the Irish. Yet experience shows that it takes time and persevering efforts to extirpate such moral disorders. We may therefore conclude that the Archbishop's informant exaggerated, at least, if he did not invent. Slandering the Irish was even then

a pleasurable and profitable employment amongst those who owed to them what Christianity and civilisation they possessed. A little later we find Brompton of Jorval gravely informing his readers that in Ireland every father baptised his own children by immersing them thrice in milk or water, according as the family was rich or poor ! [1] (Cf. Bellesheim : *Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche in Irland,* Erster Band, s. 383.)

It is an astonishing thing, and shows how ill-informed were Lanfranc and his successor with regard to conditions in Ireland, that whilst complaining of abuses which were either non-existent or wildly exaggerated, neither of them said a word about the monstrous and manifest scandal of lay abbots and bishops, for centuries the plague of the Irish Church. At the very time when they were writing their reproaches, the primatial see was occupied by laymen, the brothers Moeliosa and Domnald, who bore in succession the titles of coarb of Patrick and archbishop of Armagh, as did their father before them. This abuse, so vigorously denounced by St. Bernard, seems to have owed its development, if not its origin, to the Danish wars. Sometimes the family of the founder of a church or

[1] Another story current in England at the time was that in baptising their male infants the Irish " used a damnable superstition " to prevent the grace of the Sacrament from flowing into the right arm, " to the intent that it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow." For further gems of this kind the reader is referred to Gerald Barry's *Hibernia Expugnata* and Campion's *History of Ireland,* both of which belong to the same class of historical works as *Jack the Giant-Killer* or *Gulliver's Travels.*

monastery claimed perpetual proprietary rights therein, and insisted that one of its members should always be the bishop or abbot. This right was actually secured to them by law: "The tribe of the patron Saint shall always succeed to the church as long as there shall be a person fit to be an abbot (or bishop) of the said tribe; even though there should be but a psalm-singer of them it is he that shall obtain the abbacy (or bishopric)."—(*Senchus Mor,* Vol. III, 73.) Sometimes a cathedral or abbey entrusted its temporalities to the management of a layman, generally a neighbouring chief, who, after deducting from the revenues what was needed to cover the expenses of his charge, was to hand over the remainder to the bishop or abbot.[1] But in course of time these stewards — called coarbs or erenachs, according to the greater or lesser importance of the church—came to look upon themselves as the real owners of the church lands, with the obligation of contributing a certain annual sum towards the sustenance of the clergy or community. The contribution, needless to say, was often withheld for one reason or another. But the

[1] "The established rule of succession to an Irish abbacy was that the abbot should be selected from the kindred of the founder; if they could not provide a qualified person, the selection was to be made from the kindred of the secular prince who had granted the land on which the monastery was built; next from among the monks of the church; and then in order from various other classes which were duly specified. But in practice the local ruling family usually got, sooner or later, complete control of the office, and by a lax interpretation of the qualifications required, converted it into their permanent possession." —(*The Sources for the Early History of Ireland,* by James F. Kenney, Ph.D., p. 748.)

usurpers did not content themselves always with appropriating the temporalities, they often assumed the title of bishop or abbot, even when married men, employing regularly consecrated prelates to discharge the spiritual functions attached to the office. For two hundred years the See of Patrick was thus made the hereditary possession of a family of usurpers; eight of the pseudo-archbishops (who called themselves the coarbs of Patrick) had no orders whatever, and belonged to the married state.

One of the least of the evil consequences of this intolerable system (which also existed in Wales, as Cambrensis testifies), was the state of beggary to which the clergy were reduced. The Norman ecclesiastics who came over with Henry II were amazed at the poverty of the Irish bishops. Who has not heard the touching story of Primate Gelasius and his one white cow, on the milk of which he lived and which he used to drive before him on his journeys?

An irregularity connected with the administration of Baptism was that parents often neglected to bring their infants to the baptismal font in the parochial church, and had the ceremony performed either in private oratories or in their homes. This was one of the most serious disorders which occupied the attention of the Synod of Cashel convened by Henry II to find some excuse for his presence in Ireland.

The diversity of liturgies in the Irish Church of the twelfth century was so great that almost every diocese had an Office of its own. Before St. Malachy's time,

Gilbert, bishop of Limerick, and papal legate, had endeavoured, at the request of some of his brethren in the episcopate, to put an end to that abuse by pleading for the universal adoption of the Roman Office. He composed, with this purpose in view, a learned treatise entitled: *De Statu Ecclesiae*. But his efforts were not altogether successful.

These, if not all, are the principal irregularities with which the Irish Church of the twelfth century has been reproached. If even after deducting exaggerations and falsehoods the residue of fact appears humiliating enough, let us recall that the country had just then passed through three centuries of fearful and incessant warfare. And even thus, the impartial student of history will, we think, agree with Dr. Lanigan's conclusion: "On the whole, notwithstanding the great relaxation of discipline, etc., in some parts of Ireland, the greatest portion of the Irish Church was, even before the times of Celsus and St. Malachy, as pure as any other national Church of the period, which might be shown from St. Bernard's own writings."—(*Eccles. Hist.*, iv, 36-7.)

CHAPTER I

MALACHY'S FAMILY—HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY EDUCATION

MAOLMHAODHOG UA MORGAIR, anglicised Malachy O'Morgair, or O'More, died on the night of November 1st, 1148, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Consequently, he must have been born either in 1094 or 1095. There is also some uncertainty with regard to his birthplace. Writers usually take it for granted that this honour belongs to the city of Armagh. Saint Bernard, however, does not say that he was born there, but only that he was there brought up—*alitus*. Be this as it may, the child of destiny began life surrounded with every advantage both spiritual and temporal. His illustrious panegyrist, the great Abbot of Clairvaux, informs us that he belonged to a noble and powerful family. This would ordinarily mean that his father was one of those proud and warlike chieftains who could claim more familiarity with forays and battles than with the arts of peace. But Mugron O'Morgair had nothing in common with the wild clan-captain. He was a man of culture and learning, occupying the position of lay-professor in the great school of Armagh. The Four Masters describe him as " chief Lector of Armagh and of all the west of Europe."—(*ad an.* 1102.)

It may seem strange to find a man of Mugron's rank engaged in the business of teaching. But the Irish of that and preceding ages did not regard the instruction of youth as simply a means of gaining one's livelihood, but rather as something to be loved for its own sake, as a noble exercise of patriotism, philanthropy, or charity. Hence, even sovereign princes were proud to act as professors; for instance, Fedlemidh MacCrimthan, king of Munster, in the ninth century, and his successor, Cormac MacCulinan, at the beginning of the tenth.

Nor is the Annalists' high-sounding eulogy so extravagant as it may seem. Prior to the year 795, the school of Armagh, founded about 445, first in eminence as well as in origin amongst our Irish seats of learning, had certainly no equal in Europe, east or west. During the Danish wars it was plundered and burned several times, only to rise again, phœnix-like, from its ashes. But although it managed to carry on in spite of dangers and difficulties, the attendance naturally dwindled, since foreign students, heretofore numerously represented in its lecture-halls, could no longer approach the coast of Ireland except at the peril of their lives. After Clontarf, notwithstanding the interminable civil war, the influx of aliens became as great as ever. The great school recovered its prestige at home as well as abroad: there was actually a law prohibiting the teaching of theology in any part of Ireland by anyone, no matter how well qualified he might be, who had not studied some time in its halls. The professor who filled the principal chair of theology in such an

institute might be called, without any bombastic hyperbole, " chief Lector of all the west of Europe." And we may safely assume that Mugron O'Morgair would not have been appointed, layman as he was, to so important a position unless he were as distinguished for probity of life as for profundity of learning. Archbishop Healy gives him the title of Blessed.—(*Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars*, p. 121.)

Thus happy in his father, our Saint was not less so in his mother. Her name unfortunately has not been transmitted to us. There is evidence that she belonged to a powerful family resident in the neighbourhood of Bangor, Co. Down, which claimed proprietary rights in the famous monastery founded by St. Comgall. According to St. Bernard, she united with the nobility which comes from illustrious descent that higher nobility due to the possession of rare mental endowments. She bore her husband at least three children, two sons, Gillachrist, the elder, and Maolmhaodhog,[1] and a daughter, who, like her mother, is nameless: if there were others, they have left no trace in history. Whether the family resided in Armagh at the time of Malachy's birth, which seems the more probable view, or removed thither later, they certainly had their home there very soon after that event. And what a happy home that must have been, presided over by Christian love and pervaded by an atmosphere of piety and culture!

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[1] Gillachrist means Servant of Christ; it is anglicised Christian. Maolmhaodhog signifies one dedicated to St. Maodhog, who was the first bishop of Ferns.

In 1102, when Malachy was seven or eight years of age, a great affliction befell the family by the premature death of Mugron. The bereaved wife and children had not even the consolation of receiving his last blessing, for he died far from home in the land of the Dalcassians. The Four Masters chronicle his death, under year 1102, as follows: "Mugron O'Morgair, chief Lector of Armagh and of all the west of Europe, departed this life on the third of the Nones of October at Mungret in Munster." As to what brought the eminent professor so far south we can only conjecture. Probably the long journey was undertaken in the interests of education, for Mungret also had a celebrated school, which owed its foundation to St. Nessan and its fame to St. Munchin the Wise.

Divine Providence manifests itself to us as a happy combination of sweetness and strength: "it reacheth from end to end mightly and ordereth all things sweetly."—(*Wisdom,* viii, 1.) Human parents, as a visible providence, appear to possess the same two attributes divided between them: we naturally associate softness with motherhood, whilst the idea of fatherhood suggests just as naturally a certain degree of austerity. Both qualities are indeed essential to good government. Hence, when children happen to be deprived at an early age of one or other parent, there often appears a lack of symmetry in their characters, because their training has been one-sided. They have been either cramped by the sternness of the father or spoiled by the mother's indulgence. But the widow of Mugron O'Morgair

did not spoil her fatherless children. Even before her bereavement she had charged herself personally with the responsibility of their moral and religious education. Keenly appreciative though she was of the advantages of profane learning, she despised it as dross when compared with the knowledge of Christ and His teaching. Their secular education she entrusted to pious and competent masters, not difficult to find in a city like Armagh.

As Malachy distinguished himself at home by the readiness with which he assimilated the sentiments of piety inculcated by his mother, so did he surpass all his companions in the exercises of the schoolroom. Wondrously beautiful is the portrait of the young scholar presented us by the great Abbot of Clairvaux. Even at this early age he felt a strong attraction for a life of prayer, mortification, and solitude. He was never so happy as when pouring out his heart before the altar in some of the many sanctuaries of his native, or home, town; but as his studies and the dread of appearing singular prevented him from visiting the churches as often as he would have liked, he endeavoured to make up for this by the constant practice of ejaculatory prayer. One of his teachers was accustomed to recreate himself with frequent walks into the country as far as a certain village, and usually chose Malachy as his companion in these excursions. The boy would have preferred, doubtless, to give the time to his devotions or studies, but could not well refuse. He contrived, however, to keep his soul in the presence of God by repeated aspirations, and to avoid attracting his companion's

attention he would from time to time fall back a pace or two and, thus unseen, lift up his hands with his heart to the Lord: for, with true Celtic instinct, he felt no satisfaction in prayer unless accompanied with appropriate bodily gesture. Humbly obedient and respectful to superiors, he showed himself ever obliging, courteous, even deferential, to the least of his comrades. And the charm of his personality was so wonderful that he became a favourite with all. Although he found no pleasure in the usual boyish sports and pastimes, we may be sure he was too kind-hearted not to take part in these innocent amusements whenever sociability or charity suggested it. Austerity of manner has nothing in common with saintship.

One incident of his boyhood days is particularly stressed by St. Bernard, mindful, as we may suppose, of a somewhat similar experience he had himself in early life with some of the teachers at Châtillon. It shows us that if Malachy possessed the simplicity of the dove he was likewise endowed with the wisdom of the serpent. Amongst the many learned professors living in Armagh, there was one who enjoyed a very high reputation as a teacher of the liberal arts.[1] Malachy arranged to take lessons from him. But at his first visit he found the professor employed in making drawings of a dubious character, which so disgusted the young student that he fled precipitately

[1] In the Continental schools of the period, the Liberal Arts comprised seven subjects arranged in two groups: the *trivium*, including grammar, rhetoric, and logic; and the *quadrivium*, including arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. What went by the name in Armagh, we cannot tell.

from the house and could never be prevailed upon to cross that threshold again.

Thus the precious years which other boys are wont to waste in pastimes and frivolities, Malachy employed in the diligent acquisition of virtue and knowledge, so that what the Evangelist says of the Saviour can be applied in due measure to him : as he advanced in age he advanced also in wisdom and grace with God and men.

CHAPTER II

THE PATRICIAN CHURCH ORGANISATION — GILBERT, CELSUS, AND MALCHUS — RATHBREASAIL — MALACHY BECOMES A DISCIPLE OF IVOR O'HAGAN — ORDAINED DEACON—REPROACHED BY HIS SISTER

AFTER the conversion of the Irish, St. Patrick, wishing to interfere as little as possible with the social and political institutions of the country, made the clan-system the basis of the ecclesiastical organisation. For every tribe and sub-tribe—practically autonomous political units—he consecrated, we are told,[1] a church and a bishop; and as the clergy lived together,[2] the bishop usually became an abbot also, like Patrick himself, and his church a monastery. The ecclesiastical chief was chosen from the ruling family,[3] as his successors, too, should be, so long as a suitable person was to be found amongst its members, even though "he were only a psalm-singer." If the territory of the clan happened to be very extensive, the bishop was given coadjutors—*chorepiscopi*—to assist him in the administration. To monasteries founded at a later period the same law of succession applied: none but members of

[1] Healy, *Life and Writings of St. Patrick*, 550.
[2] D'Alton, Cath. Ency., art., *Ireland*.
[3] Sometimes St. Patrick chose as bishops eminent bards or scholars, who, although not of princely rank, yet exercised a strong influence over the people. Cf. D'Alton, *ibid.*

the founder's or first abbot's family could be elected superior, and these only by their own kinsmen. This was the law of Tanistry, introduced from the social and political into the ecclesiastical order of things. Hence, Montalembert could say with something more than the semblance of truth that " the first great monasteries in Ireland were nothing else, to speak simply, than clans organised under a religious form."—(*Monks of the West,* III, 86.) The abbots became the spiritual rulers of the surrounding districts, even when, as often happened, they did not belong to the episcopate, in which case they would have a member of their communities promoted to episcopal Orders for the service of their churches. Such monastic bishops possessed no jurisdiction, but were subject to the abbot's authority, just as the other monks.

Six important consequences of this system merit our attention: bishops were multiplied beyond all precedent, dioceses lacked fixed limits, the independent status of the different churches led to variety in liturgy and discipline, churches and abbeys came to be looked upon as part of a family estate, there was always the danger of unworthy prelates being elected under the restrictions imposed by the law of Tanistry, lastly, the episcopal dignity became subordinate in a sense to the abbatial. In illustration of this last point, we may mention the fact that Irish bishops were wont to describe themselves as coarbs of abbots who had not been raised to episcopal rank. Thus, the bishops of Glendalough were called the coarbs of St. Kevin; the bishops of Derry, coarbs of

St. Columcille; the bishops of Clonmacnoise, coarbs of St. Ciaran. On the other hand, the coarbs of St. Patrick, archbishops though they were, seemed to prefer the title of abbots of Armagh. And Father O'Laverty has pointed out in his *Life of St. Malachy,* p. 30, that " it is a custom very common with the Irish Annalists to designate their bishops merely by the title of abbots." It is undeniable, therefore, that in spite of the absolute identity in all doctrinal matters, the early Irish Church differed widely from the English and Continental Churches as regards liturgy, discipline and external constitution. The differences continued to exist down to the twelfth century.

This condition of things did not escape the notice of the eagle-eyed pontiff, Pope St. Gregory VII, in obedience to whose instructions Archbishop Lanfranc, and after him St. Anselm, interested themselves in Irish ecclesiastical affairs. With a good deal of exaggeration, they described the manifold irregularities of the Irish Church, and called for their removal. The idea of reform, thus originated, was eagerly welcomed in Ireland by a group of ecclesiastics and laymen of high rank. Chief amongst them must be named Giolla Easpuig, *anglice* Gilbert, who, after having been abbot of Bangor,[1] Co. Down, became bishop of the Danish

[1] Lanigan, *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland,* Vol. IV., p. 23-25. Gilbert could have been only titular abbot and proprietor of the monastic estates, for there had been no community in Bangor for many a year, and the monastery itself was in ruins. The fact that he was coarb of St. Comgall proves him to have been a blood relation of St. Malachy, since this title was hereditary in the family of Malachy's mother.

city of Limerick about 1105, and some years later first papal legate in Ireland. He was a travelled man, an eminent scholar, and the intimate friend of the illustrious Doctor of the Church, St. Anselm, whose acquaintance he made at Rouen some time previous to his promotion to the episcopate. There is good reason to suspect that he owed the high honour of the legatine office to St. Anselm's influence with Pope Paschal II. It is not quite certain whether it was before or after his appointment as legate that he published, at the request of some of the Irish bishops, his celebrated treatise, *De Statu Ecclesiae,* in which he condemns in the strongest terms the bewildering variety of offices used in the churches of Ireland, and advocates the general adoption of the Roman liturgy. In the same work he describes with elaborate detail the hierarchial organisation of the churches abroad.

Another prominent reformer was Cellach, or Celsus, archbishop of Armagh (1105-1130). He belonged to a family in which for almost two centuries the primatial see had been regularly transmitted and possessed as by hereditary right. His grandfather, Moelisa, his granduncle, Domnall, and six other married laymen of his line had borne the titles of archbishop and coarb of Patrick. Celsus himself was a layman when " instituted archbishop in the place of Domnall," but he broke away from the bad tradition by having himself duly ordained and consecrated. The later acts of his episcopate did not belie the promise of its beginning, for he proved himself a man of sterling virtue, with nothing

more at heart than to put an end to the many abuses that disfigured his native Church.

Hardly less influential than the preceding, assuredly not less zealous in the cause of reform, was Moelisa or Malchus, first bishop of Waterford. An Irishman by birth and extraction, he made profession as a monk in the Benedictine monastery of Winchester, where the news of his election found him. He was consecrated at Canterbury by St. Anselm in 1096. Waterford certainly has every reason to be proud of the man who began its long line of illustrious prelates; for Malchus, as St. Bernard testifies, was distinguished amongst his coevals for wisdom and learning, but not less so for sanctity of life.

The bishops of Dublin, from Patrick (1074-1084) to Gregory (1121-1161), may be counted amongst those who were working for reform, since, as suffragans of Canterbury, they had no option but to carry out Canterbury ideas. It is certain, moreover, that Bishop Patrick gave an account of the Irish Church and its shortcomings to Gregory VII.

Amongst the laymen in favour of reform must be mentioned Turlough O'Brien, king of Munster, and his son Murtough, who became Ard-Ri.

In the year 1110 a great national Synod was held at a place called Rathbreasail,[1] probably in Westmeath, under the presidency of the papal legate,

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[1] Following Lynch (*Cambrensis Eversus*, p. 37) and the best modern authorities, we assume that the names Rathbreasail, Usneach, and Fiadh-Mac-Aengussa have reference to one and the same Synod, that of 1110. Lanigan holds a different opinion.

Gilbert, and attended by more than fifty bishops,[1] between three and four thousand other ecclesiastics, and a large number of distinguished laymen, including King Murtough O'Brien. The result of the deliberations, so far as known, represented a triumph for the reforming party, although they were soon to learn that it is a much easier matter to pass reformatory decrees than to get them carried out in practice. Taking the English Church organisation as model, the Synod divided the country into two ecclesiastical provinces. The territory north of a straight line drawn between Dublin and Galway—Leath Chuinn—was distributed into thirteen dioceses, with Armagh, of course, as metropolis. The southern province—Leath Mogha—comprised the same number of sees with an archbishop at Cashel, who, however, should be subject to the coarb of Patrick. All twenty-six dioceses were approximately equal in extent, and in their limits, consequently, not coincident with the clan boundaries. Dublin was left dependent on Canterbury, as it had hitherto been.

It concerns our narrative to note that in the new list of dioceses Lismore and Waterford (as also Down and Connor, Wexford and Ferns, and other pairs) are mentioned disjunctively: Lismore *or* Waterford.[2] They were evidently to be united thenceforth, and the bishop given the option of establishing his see in one place or the other. Thereafter Malchus, so it would appear, resided at

[1] As it is said no bishop from Leinster or Connacht attended the Synod, we may infer that the episcopal order had about one hundred representatives in the whole of Ireland at the time.

[2] Cf. Keating's *History,* Book II, ch. xxviii.

Lismore; it is as bishop of Lismore St. Bernard always refers to him.

Another important decree of the Synod was intended to protect Church property from the greed of unscrupulous laymen. It is passing strange, in view of Gilbert's ardent desire to see the Roman liturgy universally adopted, that we find no legislation on the point; but perhaps he considered that his ideas would materialise in a sense automatically under the new hierarchial arrangement. Stranger still is it that nothing seemingly was done to prevent the intrusion of laymen into abbacies and episcopal sees. Surely an attempt at reform which left the capital evil untouched was foredoomed to failure. Even the measures enacted could not be fully carried out. Instead of twenty-seven, we find thirty-eight dioceses in existence at the time of the Synod of Kells, 1152; whilst the appropriation of Church property by laics was one of the chief abuses that occupied the attention of the Synod of Cashel some twenty years later. Hence, we must conclude that the reform effected by Rathbreasail, strongly supported though it was by the secular power, was neither thorough nor lasting. The task it undertook Providence had reserved for other hands. It was not Gilbert or Celsus, but Malachy O'Morgair, who should deserve to be known as the Reformer of the Irish Church. Nor should he live to see her cured of all her disorders: his merit should be to have discovered and applied the remedy by bringing her into closer relations with Rome, which, as the Mother, so must ever remain the model and pattern of all the Churches.

The Rathbreasail decrees, although in many ways disappointing, were still, as we have said, a triumph for the reformers. It was no small gain and required no small courage to have so drastically reduced the number of episcopal sees. That the Synodists themselves anticipated difficulty in the execution of the decrees is evident from the solemn imprecation with which the proceedings concluded: "The cross of the comhorba of Peter and of his legate, that is, Giolla Easpuig, bishop of Luimneach; the cross of Giolla Ceallaigh, the comhorba of Patrick and primate of Ireland; the cross of Maoiliosa O Ainmire, archbishop of Cashel;[1] the crosses of all the bishops and of all the laity and clergy at this holy Synod of Rathbreasail against whomsoever shall transgress these decrees, and the malediction of them all on whomsoever shall oppose them."

[1] Keating's *History*, Book II, chapter xxviii (Dineen's Trans.) The Four Masters *ad annum* 1135 refer to Bishop Malchus of Waterford under the name of Maoiliosa Ua hAinmire. Hence, Dr. Lawlor, somewhat hastily, as it seems to us, identifies him with the third signatory of the Rathbreasail decrees, and concludes that he must have been transferred to Cashel sometime before 1110, probably in 1106, when that see was raised by Celsus (so far as depended on him) to the dignity of a metropolis: in fact, Malchus is represented as the first archbishop of Cashel. Lawlor's *S. Malachy*, pp. xxxvi, 18. But Keating (II, 297) mentions Maolmuire O'Dunain as archbishop of Cashel in 1106, evidently the first. Besides, Lawlor's theory would oblige us to suppose that Malchus was again transferred, between 1110 and 1121, from Cashel to Lismore, where Malachy found him. Lanigan, *Eccles. Hist.*, IV, 43, says that the Maoiliosa O'Ainmire who signed the decrees belonged to the O'Foghlada family, but called himself after his father, who bore the cognomen Ainmire. Both Maoiliosa and Ainmire appear to have been very common names in Ireland in the twelfth and preceding centuries. Rev. Professor Power, the distinguished historian of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, does not believe that Malchus was ever archbishop of Cashel. Cf. also Kenney, *op. cit.*, p. 765.

We must now introduce to the reader a personage whose destiny it was, in a degree beyond all others, to influence the future of Malachy and, through him, of the Irish Church. We refer to the holy monk, Ivor O'Hagan. Of the early life of this remarkable man nothing is known. We meet him for the first time at the commencement of the twelfth century as abbot of a community in Armagh, and the confidential friend of Archbishop Celsus. But about the time of the Synod of Rathbreasail he lived as a recluse in a cell adjoining the great church of Armagh, devoting his time exclusively to prayer and the practice of penance. Saint Bernard describes him as "an inexorable chastiser of his body who spent his days and nights in the service of the Lord." No wonder people revered him as a saint. Malachy had scarcely entered his teens when he resolved to put himself under the spiritual direction of this man of God, to become in fact his disciple. As we find no further reference to his mother after his boyhood, we may suppose that she did not long survive that period. Perhaps it was her death inspired him with the resolution to withdraw from the world.

Whether Malachy lived with his master is uncertain. More probably he occupied a separate but nearby cell. Whatever about this, there can be no doubt that, despite his tender years and delicate constitution, he began to imitate faithfully his master's austere mode of life. Great was the astonishment of his friends and acquaintance when they heard of his conduct. Some cried scandal and some cried folly, but all disapproved, because all

regretted to see a youth, so amiable and richly-endowed, burying himself alive in a hermitage, and disappointing the promise of a brilliant and useful career in the world. "To what purpose this waste?" It is a question often asked and always for the same reason: "The sensual man perceiveth not those things that are of the Spirit of God, for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand it, because it is spiritually examined."—(I *Cor.* ii, 14.) And having no appreciation of spiritual things, the world, under pretence of zeal for the welfare of society, has for its real design to rob God of His glory.

Very often the first effect of grace in the soul is a sense of irritation. It disturbs our peace by its importunate urging to better things. The same is true, specially true of the external grace of good example. We feel it as a challenge: "Canst thou not do what these and those have been able to do?" Their fervour rebukes our lukewarmness. In the case of the well-disposed, this irritation quickly passes into admiration, and admiration results not seldom in imitation. So it was with St. Bernard's school friends. And so it was with St. Malachy's. Having begun with worldly-wise criticism of their friend, they finished by following his example. Thus it came to pass, as St. Bernard observes, that Malachy, at first Ivor's only spiritual child, became before long "the first-born amongst many brethren." And the first he always remained, both in the esteem of his master and in merit of life.

Ivor was too experienced a man not to know that

exclusive attention to purely spiritual things on the part of his young disciples would probably end in weariness and disgust. So he prudently divided their time between spiritual exercises and external works of zeal, including study. So much we may infer from what we read of Malachy's activities at a later time. We must suppose also that the young men continued to attend the public lecture-halls, since Ivor apparently gave them no other instructions than such as concerned the spiritual life and perhaps the Roman liturgy, for he was a zealous reformer. Malachy, as we know from St. Bernard, acquired a knowledge of the Gregorian chant in his youth. He could not have learned it in the churches of Armagh, for the same authority assures us that the liturgical offices had ceased to be sung there. Besides, the chant used generally in Ireland from the introduction of Christianity until Malachy's reform was not the Gregorian but the Ambrosian or Gallican. We may take it, then, that his instructor in the chant was Ivor himself. Ivor must have been well qualified for this *rôle,* if the community he had governed as abbot were, as we think most likely, Culdee monks, because amongst these none could be appointed superior who did not possess a thorough knowledge of Church music. (Cf. O'Hanlon's *Life of St. Malachy,* p. 15, note.) [1]

[1] For an adequate account of the Culdees, see Reeves: *On the Céli-dé.* These religious came to Armagh in the ninth century and continued there until the sixteenth, that is, long after they had disappeared from other parts. Their principal duty in the primatial city was to conduct the liturgical services in the great church, but they also looked after the sick and the poor.

Archbishop Celsus, as an intimate friend of the holy recluse, took a deep interest in his spiritual family. Malachy's virtues and talents particularly impressed him. About the year 1117, after consultation with Ivor, he decided to confer the Order of Diaconate on the saintly and brilliant young man, anticipating the canonical age, which was then twenty-five, whereas Malachy was not yet twenty-four. From a sense of unworthiness our Saint would have declined the proferred dignity, but being no less obedient than humble, he yielded at last to the will of his superiors. His ordination as deacon he regarded as obliging him to spend himself without reserve in the service of God and his neighbour. Accordingly, he became more assiduous than ever in the practice of prayer and good works. His biographer tells us that he showed a predilection for those exercises of charity which appear most contemptible in the eyes of men, such as attending the sick poor and providing for their decent burial when dead. Indeed, St. Bernard's language implies that the young cleric considered these services as duties attaching to his diaconate not less than the ministrations at the altar. As a matter of fact, the deacons in the early Church were specially charged with the care of the sick and the poor.

What could be more edifying than to see this noble youth for the love of God repudiating the traditions and prejudices of his caste, and rendering to the poor and the friendless services which the meanest might be ashamed to perform? There was one person, however, who was not edified, who felt rather

irritated and disgusted. That person was his own sister. She does not seem to have profited much by the instructions and example of her pious mother. Worldliness with all it implies had taken deep root in her heart. Hence, the sight of her brother busying himself with the burial of deceased paupers aroused all the pride in her aristocratic blood. She sought him out and bitterly reproached him with bringing disgrace on his name and family. Surely he must have taken leave of his senses to demean himself like that. His conduct was even opposed to the teaching of the Gospel, which tells us to follow Christ and let the dead bury their dead. "Unhappy woman," he replied, "you can quote the words of Scripture accurately enough, but you know nothing of its spirit." She could not see that her own conduct and sentiments were as much in opposition to the humility of Christ as were his to the pride of his forebears. If his retort silenced her, it was only for the moment. She returned to the attack not once or twice, but day after day. Malachy had always the best of the argument. Less happy, however, than Bernard with Humblina, he did not succeed in winning his sister from love of worldly pomp. She was to be saved, indeed, "yet so as by fire"—of which later. Meantime, Malachy continued to walk in the way he had chosen, heedless alike of human applause and censure, because he desired to be approved by God alone.

It must not be supposed that his advancement to Holy Orders made any change in his relations with Ivor O'Hagan. After his ordination, just as before,

and indeed as long as that holy man lived, he continued to regard him as his superior, and never undertook anything of importance without his knowledge and consent. From this writers have inferred that Malachy and his companions were not merely under the spiritual direction of Ivor, but constituted a regular religious community, observing a common rule under his government. According to O'Hanlon, the rule followed was probably St. Comgall's,[1] but Lawlor prefers to think it was that of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine.[2] It may be of interest to note that the external occupations in which Malachy busied himself, particularly after his reception of the diaconate, were exactly those prescribed for the Culdees of Armagh: attendance at church services, the study of sacred chant, and the care of the sick and the poor.

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[1] *Life of St. Malachy*, p. 15.
[2] *St. Malachy of Armagh*, p. 11.

CHAPTER III

MALACHY ORDAINED PRIEST—VICAR-GENERAL OF ARMAGH —REFORMER—VISIT TO MALCHUS AT LISMORE—DEATH AND APPARITIONS OF HIS SISTER—APPOINTED ABBOT OF BANGOR—FIRST MIRACLES

MALACHY was ordained priest in his twenty-fifth year, which would be about 1119. According to the canons then observed, he would have to wait five years longer before he could receive that sacred Order. Saint Bernard, rigorist as he was in such matters, excuses the anticipation in view of the ordaining prelate's zeal and the singular merit of the ordinand. But he would not have that which is allowable in saints to be made a precedent by such as are not saints. Very soon after the ordination, the primate, Archbishop Celsus, gave a further proof of his confidence in Malachy by appointing him his vicar-general. He charged him at the same time with the task of effecting a thorough reform, moral and disciplinary, throughout the archdiocese. Evidently he saw something in the young priest which inspired the hope that he would be able to accomplish what had proved too difficult for his own efforts. This explains St. Bernard's reference to the primate's zeal as justifying his contravention of the canons. There was, however, another reason for hurrying Malachy's ordination. In 1120, according to the Annals of Ulster and Innisfallen, Celsus

was to make his second visitation of Munster (the first took place in 1106) for the purpose of collecting the Patrick-Tribute [1] due to the primatial see. Naturally, he would wish to see the archdiocese in safe hands during his prolonged absence.

Malachy, who had shown reluctance when there was question of promoting him to Orders, accepted the *rôle* of reformer " with all alacrity, rejoicing as a giant to run his course." The archdiocese had in truth sore need of reform, which will not surprise us when we recall the fact that for two centuries it had been governed by lay intruders. There was much to be suppressed, much to be established, much to be revived. The young vicar's commission was identical with the prophet's: " to root up, and to pull down, and to waste, and to destroy, and to build, and to plant " (*Jer.* i, 10). And with the zeal of a prophet did he apply himself to his task. Against vice and superstition he declared merciless war, and never relaxed his efforts until he had delivered his people from their tyrannic sway. For the liturgical offices, rites, and customs, peculiar to the Irish Church he substituted the Roman, regulating everything in accordance with the sacred canons. For many years the canonical hours had ceased to be sung in the churches of Armagh, as also in other parts, in consequence chiefly of the Danish and civil wars. This also Malachy remedied, nor did he rest satisfied until he had the Roman office sung daily at the appointed

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[1] The tribute was: seven cows, seven sheep, and a half ounce of silver from every cantred or district.

hours in every church of the archdiocese. The chant used, needless to say, was the Gregorian.

He found amongst the faithful a good deal of neglect with regard to the Sacrament of Penance. People confessed their sins rarely, if at all. But it must be remembered that there was no general law prescribing annual confession until the Fourth General Council of Lateran in 1215. The Sacrament of Confirmation had likewise fallen into disuse, because under Celsus's predecessors there was little opportunity of receiving it. All this, together with some irregularities connected with Matrimony, the zealous vicar put right.

Here we must remark that St. Bernard says nothing to justify the inference drawn by some that auricular confession was not practised in Ireland prior to the twelfth century. Such an inference is not only opposed to historical facts, but entirely unwarranted by the holy Doctor's language.

Archbishop Celsus, on his return to Armagh, must have been delighted at the almost miraculous transformation he found there. His confidence had not been misplaced. But Malachy, fearful lest anything in the least out of harmony with Roman usage had been or should yet be established by him, resolved to suspend his apostolic labour for a while, in order to devote himself to the study of liturgy and canon law. The primate and Ivor approved the design, and recommended him to the one man in Ireland best qualified to give him the knowledge he needed, none other than Malchus, bishop of the united dioceses of

Lismore and Waterford. This eminent prelate was now very old, but still as zealous as ever for the advancement of religion. So great and widespread was his reputation for wisdom and sanctity that people flocked to him for assistance or consolation not alone from every part of Ireland, but from Britain as well. Saint Bernard mentions two miracles wrought by him, saying they are but specimens of many similar.

Malachy, therefore, set out for Lismore, to which Malchus had transferred his see and which then ranked "amongst the noblest cities of the country." The time of this journey is difficult to determine, but the balance of probability is in favour of 1121. Needless to say, the holy bishop had a warm welcome for the young vicar, who was a man according to his own heart, full of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Our Saint must have felt very much at home in the beautiful city of St. Carthage with its twenty churches, cloistered amidst its wooded hills and skirted by the solemn Blackwater. It had a history hardly less glorious than his own Armagh, and memories almost as sacred. Here St. Cathaldus, Patron of far-distant Taranto, lived many years as student and professor; here, as coarbs of St. Carthage, flourished SS. Cuanna and Coleman; here the British poet-king, Aldfrid, took his place amongst the crowd of pilgrim-scholars; and here possibly it was that St. Stephen Harding, one of the founders of the Cistercian Order, studied the sacred sciences about fifty years before. A beautiful city in truth was

Lismore when Malachy first beheld it. Less than sixty years from that time, the torch of the vandal Normans reduced to ashes its churches and schools, and the glory of Lismore was extinguished for ever. The wooded hills remain, the grand river still moves slowly to the sea, mirroring in its dark depths bordering elms and changeful skies, but the saints are gone, the sanctuaries where they prayed are gone, and gone the ancient city. The present town, just like other modern towns, with its smart fashions, its dancing-halls and picture-palaces, has little to remind us of the sacred city of St. Carthage.

During Malachy's sojourn with Malchus he got news that the sister who sought so persistently to turn him aside from the way of perfection had been called to her account. It grieved him profoundly, for he was tenderly attached to her, although, to manifest how much he disapproved of her worldliness, he had made a vow never again to see her in this life.[1] What saddened him most was the thought

[1] Those familiar with the career of St. Bernard must notice the very remarkable parallelism between his life and the life of St. Malachy. Each came of noble stock, each had a pious father and a particularly pious mother, the latter in both cases taking charge of the children's education, the one worldly person in the family of each was an only sister, each is described as exceedingly attractive in person and manner and as surpassing his comrades in talents and virtue, each took scandal at the conduct of early teachers, each retired from the world followed by a number of friends, each for that reason was bitterly reproached by his worldly sister, each expressed disapproval of that sister's conduct by resolving to see her no more, each became an abbot, each became a papal legate, each resisted attempts to make him a bishop, each was a reformer and a peace-maker, each had a special interest in church music, each had a remarkable gift of oratory. Lastly, they died in the same house, were buried in the same church, and their remains are now enclosed in the same coffin.

of the heavy account she must have had to render of her wasted opportunities. Whilst she lived he had never ceased to pray for her conversion, and he must not forget her now when she was dead. So he began to offer Mass daily for the repose of her soul, continuing until he thought that her purgation must be completed. He then ceased. After some time he had a strange dream. He thought he heard a voice announcing to him that his sister stood outside in the courtyard and had not tasted food for thirty days. On awakening, he remembered that it was exactly thirty days since he last offered the Holy Sacrifice for her. Taking the dream as a message from the unseen world, he resumed the pious practice of giving her daily the benefit of his Mass. Not long after, he beheld her in a dream standing at the threshold of the church, but unable to enter. He noticed that she was dressed in black. Some time passed, Malachy never interrupting his Masses and prayers, and she appeared to him again. She seemed now to be within the church and endeavouring to approach the altar, but unable to do so; and she was dressed not in black as previously, but in grey. Another interval, and once more he beheld her, this time robed in spotless white, which indicated to him that, her faults being at last fully expiated, she had been admitted to the mansions of the Blessed.

In the year 1123 Oenghus Ua Gormain, lay abbot of Bangor and coarb of St. Comgall, died as a pilgrim at Lismore. This we find recorded in the Annals of Ulster. A maternal uncle of Malachy's, also a layman, was chosen as the new incumbent, in

accordance with the law of Tanistry. At the same time Malachy himself received letters from Celsus and Ivor summoning him home in all haste. On arriving in Armagh, he learned that his uncle was willing to renounce in his favour all rights to the lands of Bangor as well as to the titles of abbot and coarb. His ecclesiastical superiors urged him to accept the offer, for they desired to see the ancient abbey restored to the service of God. He consented to accept the site on which the buildings stood, but nothing more. The vast landed possessions of the monastery he insisted, much to the annoyance of his friends, on transferring to another.

Taking with him ten members of Ivor's community, he journeyed north-east to the new scene of his labours. It must have been late in 1123 or early in the year following. Magnificently situated on the southern shore of Belfast Lough, within sight of the Scottish headlands, Bangor seemed to have been eminently well-chosen as a home for saints and scholars. The original monastery was founded by St. Comgall about the year 559. Sometimes, we are told, it sheltered as many as three thousand monks, which, however, was nothing very unusual in the Golden Age.[1] During the Danish wars it suffered terribly on account of its exposed position : according to St. Bernard, the pirates slaughtered nine hundred

[1] When Keating says that Comgall governed forty thousand monks he must be understood as including the filiations with the mother-house. These filiations had become numerous at the close of his long administration of fifty years. But even so, Keating's figure is somewhat staggering.

religious in one raid. Amongst the most celebrated of its sons were the illustrious St. Columbanus, the apostle of the Franks and the Lombards, and his disciple St. Gall, the apostle of Switzerland, with whom must be associated the eminent theologian, poet and astronomer known as Dungal, for he, too, was Bangor-bred.

Bangor was in ruins when Malachy first beheld it. The buildings, however, had never been elaborate—simple wooden structures in the traditional Celtic style. Stone edifices, although occasionally to be met with, were not common in Ireland at that time. But if monasteries of this type were easy to demolish, they were likewise easy to replace.

It was whilst the building operations were in progress that Malachy wrought his first miracle. One day he was wielding an axe with all his might, when a workman put himself accidentally in the way, and, receiving the blow on the spine, fell to the ground as if dead. Those who witnessed the occurrence thought it impossible for him to have escaped mortal injury. But to the astonishment of all, the man stood up again unharmed. On examination, it was found that the blade had cut through his clothes and slightly marked without piercing the skin. All attributed his miraculous preservation to the power of Malachy's prayer. This was followed by another and still more striking prodigy. A young man of the neighbourhood, named Malchus, supposed to be dying, not alone refused to accept Malachy's spiritual ministrations, but threatened to take his life if he should dare enter his

dwelling. The Saint, unheeding the threat, went at once to the poor fellow's bedside and delivered him at the same time from sickness of body and soul. We shall have occasion to refer to this Malchus again.

The third miracle worked at Bangor also deserves mention. A cleric suffering from dysentery, and already brought to death's door, recovered his health instantaneously by taking some food which the Saint had blessed. Not ungrateful for the favour received, he joined the Bangor community, and became later on abbot of a monastery in Scotland—the last, adds St. Bernard, which Malachy founded. This enables us to identify it. For, as we shall see, Malachy founded his last monastery in the year 1148 at Green Lake, or Soulseat, as it is now called, in Wigtonshire. The abbot referred to still governed this establishment at the time when the Mellifluous Doctor was writing the biography of his friend.

As might be expected, his miracles won for Malachy far and wide the reputation of a saint, and brought crowds of postulants to the abbey. Amongst the first to beg admission was his uncle, the same who had so generously ceded to him the monastic estates. In fervour and regularity, if not in numbers, the new Bangor rivalled that of the Golden Age. What rule Malachy's monks observed, we nowhere find explicitly stated, but most probably it was that of St. Comgall. Malachy could scarcely be called the restorer of Bangor, unless with the monastery he also restored the observance of the original rule.

CHAPTER IV

MALACHY APPOINTED BISHOP OF DOWN—STATE OF THE DIOCESE—REFORM—SECOND VISIT TO LISMORE—DRIVEN FROM BANGOR—FOUNDATION OF IVERAGH—DEATH OF CELSUS—PRIMATE

MALACHY'S activity in Armagh proved that he possessed the apostolic gifts in an unusual degree. Nevertheless he always shrank from the external ministry, and never undertook it except at the command of authority. All his predilection was for the contemplative life. He therefore felt very happy at Bangor, which he loved as well for its beauty as for its peace and seclusion and sacred associations. And it was his hope to pass the remainder of his days within its hallowed precincts. But Providence had ordained otherwise.

It will be remembered that amongst the many dioceses united by Rathbreasail were those of Down and Connor, which occupied between them nearly all the oldtime Ulidia, or the modern counties of Antrim and Down. This important see had now become vacant, and the abbot of Bangor was chosen to fill it. He refused to undertake the responsibility. Even his superiors, Celsus and Ivor, had a hard and a long struggle before they could induce him to accept. And no wonder. For it was not merely a question of sacrificing the sweets of contemplation, of exchanging Mary's calm repose for Martha's multitudinous

activities, but of making himself responsible for the souls of the most demoralised and uncultured people in Ireland. In St. Bernard's vigorous language, he was asked to become the shepherd not of sheep but of wolves. No district in Ireland suffered so severely or so often from the ravages of the Danes as the ancient Ulidia, for it lay within easy striking distance of their fleets as they passed through the narrow North Channel—their customary route—into the Irish Sea. Left for long without clergy, churches, and schools by murderous raids constantly repeated, the poor people could hardly be expected to look like a model Christian community. Nor would it be reasonable to expect that the lay prelates who came afterwards would exert themselves to a remarkable degree in the interests of reform. Things were at their worst at the time of Malachy's election. The picture St. Bernard presents us of Down and Connor, as it then was, is ugly enough in all conscience: barbarous customs, loose morals, irregular marriages, neglect of the Sacraments, fewness of priests and even these few superfluous, no preaching or psalmody in the churches, no payment of tithes or first-fruits. For most of these indictments we have no excuse to offer except to remark that the antecedent history of the diocese might be fairly pleaded as an extenuating circumstance. But at least two of the charges admit of defence, or rather of explanation. We have already discussed the question of marriage. With regard to the payment of tithes or first-fruits, the law prescribing that had not yet, so it seems, been promulgated in Ireland. The obligation was first

imposed by the Synod of Kells in 1152.[1] The people, however, contributed otherwise and most generously towards the support of their clergy and the upkeep of their churches. And if the clergy remained poor, as undoubtedly they did, that was because the revenues of various kinds intended for them were sacrilegiously appropriated by lay usurpers. Thus the Patrick-Tribute, levied on the whole population, became for two centuries the spoil of the pseudo-primates; and as these robbed of its revenues the church of Armagh, so were the other churches robbed by the lay coarbs and erenachs.

It should be noted also that St. Bernard wrote from material supplied him for the most part by ardent admirers of Malachy, who, although scrupulously veracious, would nevertheless be inclined, naturally and almost inevitably, to accentuate the evils and obstacles their hero had to surmount—to prepare a stage, so to speak, or a background for the more striking display of his virtues. Such is the eulogist's art. On the other hand, the holy Doctor's description of the Ulidians will appear almost flattering when compared with his account of the Romans, of the students of Paris, or of the natives of Southern France, of all of whom he could speak from personal experience. The comparison will at least show that he has more than one ugly picture in his "rogues' gallery." Of the people of Rome, he says:

[1] The opinion adopted here is that of Lanigan, *Eccles. Hist.*, iv, 8. Other writers, however, such as Lynch, *Cambrensis Eversus*, II, pp. 505-7, Kelly's ed., maintain that the Irish people paid tithes and first-fruits long before 1152. The English historian Jocelyn of the twelfth century supports this view.

"Arrogance and pride have been the Romans' characteristics in every age. They are a people who are strangers to peace and accustomed to tumult, ferocious and intractable even until now. Hateful alike to heaven and earth, they are ever at war amongst themselves. They are jealous of their neighbours and cruel towards strangers; they love none and are loved of none; they are as shameless in asking for themselves as they are pitiless in refusing others. Importunate beggars, they cannot rest until they have obtained what they desire; but as for gratitude, no benefits can awaken that feeling in their breasts. They are most generous in making promises, but most miserly in keeping them; most fulsome in flattery and most venomous in slander. The most malicious of traitors, they can nevertheless conceal their treachery under an assumption of ingenuous candour." After describing in very vivid terms the conduct of the Parisian students, he concludes: "Would to God these things were not done! Would to God it were not my duty to denounce them! Would to God I found none to believe me, none to believe that the mind of man has ever been sullied with the mere thought of such wickedness!" Of Southern France he writes: "What do we behold? Churches without congregations, congregations without priests, priests without the reverence due to them, Christians without Christ. For the churches are regarded as synagogues, the sanctuary of the Lord is no longer deemed holy, the Sacraments have been robbed of their sacred character, and the feast days of their festive solemnities. Men are daily

dying in their sins, human souls are being everywhere hurried to judgment, before the awful tribunal of Christ, unreconciled by penance, unfortified with the holy Viaticum. And the life that comes from Christ is withheld with the grace of baptism from the children of Christian parents."

Finally it may be argued that, however bad may have been the actual condition of Ulidia, the thoroughness and rapidity with which it was reformed prove that the corruption could not have gone very deep.

Malachy consented under compulsion to undertake the government of Down and Connor, but he did not consent to leave Bangor. Like St. Martin of Tours, he would make the monastery his episcopal residence, and in becoming a bishop would remain still a monk. Not that he intended to shut himself up in the cloister, administering his diocese from the seclusion of his cell. Far from it. Seldom has been seen a more active apostolate than that upon which our Saint entered after his consecration by Celsus in 1124, when he had just passed his twenty-ninth birthday. Surrounded by a group of Bangor monks, he went about his extensive diocese, always on foot, "preaching the word in season, out of season, reproving, entreating, rebuking in all patience and doctrine" (II *Tim.* iv, 2). When the people would not come to the church to hear him, he sought them out in their homes, in the fields and market-places, stopped them on the highways and in the streets, approached them anywhere and everywhere; because he considered no place or time inopportune for re-

minding them of their duties to God. Not once or twice, but again and again he thus traversed the diocese with his faithful companions, visiting every town and hamlet, and suffering much, not alone from weariness, hunger and thirst, and the inclemency of the weather, but sometimes also from the poor sinners he was trying to save. Yes, not seldom they answered his charitable admonitions with insult and outrage. However, his sweetness and patience nearly always prevailed.

Knowing as he did that human efforts avail nothing without the concurrence of divine grace, he never ceased making intercession with God for his people. Often, as St. Bernard assures us, he spent whole nights offering up the fervent prayers of a contrite and broken heart for their conversion. As he trusted most firmly in the infallible promise of Truth, he continued thus knocking at the gate of mercy until at last it was opened. The fourth year of his episcopate saw the miracle of Armagh repeated in Down. Here is how the Abbot of Clairvaux describes the metamorphosis: "The hard hearts are softened and the rough manners refined; the provoking house has become docile and submissive to correction and discipline; barbarous laws are replaced with Roman, and canonical usages everywhere introduced; churches are rebuilt and priests ordained to serve them; the Sacraments begin again to be administered with due solemnity, the practice of confession has revived, the faithful frequent the house of God, marriages are solemnised, and everything so changed for the better, that what the Lord

said of the Gentiles of old may now be applied to the Ulidians: 'They that were not My people are now My people' (*Os.* ii, 24)." And the great Doctor testifies that, a quarter of a century later, at the time of his writing, the people of Down and Connor were still faithful to the lessons taught them by their holy Bishop.

In 1127 we find Malachy again in Lismore. He made this journey, presumably, with the same object as brought him to Munster the first time—that is, to seek instruction from Bishop Malchus. Saint Bernard has confounded these two visits, as appears from a comparison of his narrative with our native Annals; so that we cannot be sure whether Malachy's sister died before or after his episcopal consecration. On the present occasion Lismore sheltered another distinguished pilgrim, Cormac MacCarthy, king of Desmond. This monarch had just been expelled from his kingdom by his brother Donough, in alliance with Turlough O'Connor, the powerful king of Connacht. Taught by his misfortunes the instability of human greatness, he resolved to devote himself thenceforth to the service of God, and to live as a humble recluse in the practice of prayer and penance. Accordingly, he would accept no mark of honour, telling Malchus he wanted nothing but a little cell, with just sufficient nourishment to keep him alive. Indeed, the nourishment he took scarcely sufficed for that, for he never tasted anything but bread and water. The royal hermit became much attached to the young northern bishop, and chose him for his spiritual director.

After a few months the king of Thomond, Conor O'Brien, came to Lismore with an offer to reinstate Cormac. But that pious prince refused to leave his cell, where he had found more happiness than he had ever enjoyed upon the throne; and he persisted in his refusal until Malchus and Malachy assured him that it was God's will he should return to his people. O'Brien kept his promise. Assisted by Cormac's followers, he obliged the usurper to flee, and the kingdom of Desmond was restored to its legitimate ruler.

We cannot tell how long Malachy's second visit to Lismore lasted; but he had certainly returned to the North before the end of 1128. As we have already remarked, when not actually on missionary tours, he lived with the monks at Bangor; and he was amongst them not as one that is ministered unto, but as one that ministers (*Luke* xxii, 27), taking part in all their exercises and labours. Sometime in 1128, the army of a northern prince, generally supposed to have been Conor O'Loughlin, king of Kinel-Owen, swept over Ulidia, drove out the monks of Bangor, and levelled their monastery. The Abbot-Bishop had therefore to find another home for his beloved children. In his perplexity, he bethought himself of his Munster friend, King Cormac, and decided to throw himself upon the monarch's hospitality. So at the head of his community he set out once more for Munster. The good prince welcomed the weary travellers with every manifestation of joy. He gave them a site for a new monastery in the barony of Iveragh, Co. Kerry, the exact spot being, it is sup-

posed, Church Island in Lough Currane. Not only that, but he supplied them with flocks and herds for their own use, and with as much money as they required for the expenses of the foundation. He gave his personal service, too, working at the buildings with the religious, just like one of themselves: for he considered it a greater honour to be a disciple of Malachy than the ruler of a kingdom. As for Malachy himself, he seemed to have forgotten that he had ever been a bishop, so happy was he in the midst of his brethren. Although superior, he insisted on taking his turn with the rest in all the rotatory offices, such as cook, waiter and reader; but in the matter of mortification he went far beyond what the rule prescribed, far beyond what he sanctioned in others.

He was not long settled in Iveragh when he had a dream that puzzled him much. A tall matron of venerable aspect seemed to approach him, and, when asked who she was, represented herself as the wife of Archbishop Celsus, handing him at the same time an episcopal crozier. After a few days he got the solution of the riddle, when messengers arrived at the monastery with the primate's pastoral staff, which, they said, Celsus had bequeathed him. For he recognised the crozier as the same that he had seen in his sleep. He then understood that the matron of his dream typified the archdiocese of Armagh.

The Protestant writer, Hanmer, taking the expression *Celsi uxorem* in its literal meaning, inferred therefrom (*Cicero pro domo sua*) that Arch-

bishop Celsus had been married.[1] But both the Annalists and St. Bernard make it abundantly clear that he lived and died a celibate.

The primate at this time lay grievously ill at Ardpatrick in Co. Limerick. His presence there is explained by the fact that the church of Ardpatrick was immediately subject to the primatial see.[2] Feeling that his end was approaching and desirous to put a stop to the usurpation of the primacy, he charged the members of his retinue to have Malachy appointed as his successor. He gave the same solemn charge, in the name and by the authority of St. Patrick, to King Cormac McCarthy of Desmond, King Conor O'Brien of Thomond, and other persons of influence in Church or State. At the same time he sent his pastoral staff to Malachy at Iveragh, as an indication of his will. He died on April 1st, 1129, in the fiftieth year of his age, and, at his own request, was brought to Lismore for burial. We find the following eulogy of this noble prelate in the *Annals of Ulster:* " Ceallach, successor of Patrick, son of purity and eminent bishop of the West of Europe, and the one head who was obeyed by Gaels and foreigners, laics and clerics, after ordaining bishops and priests and persons of every ecclesiastical grade, after the consecration of many churches and cemeteries, after bestowing treasures and wealth, after enjoining discipline and good conduct on everyone, after a life spent in celebrating Masses, in fasting and in prayer, after Holy Unction and extra-

[1] *Chronicle of Ireland,* p. 206.
[2] Cf. McCarthy's *Annals of Ulster,* p. 122, note.

ordinary penance, sent forth his spirit into the embrace of angels and archangels, in Ard-Patraic in Munster, on the Kalends of April, in the twenty-fourth year of his abbacy (episcopate) and the fiftieth of his age." A more authentic testimony to his merit and virtue has been the insertion of his name in the Roman Martyrology. Through a mistake on the part of Baronius, his festival is assigned to the sixth instead of the first of April.

The kinsmen of Celsus did not carry out his dying wish; for the very next day after his burial, that is, on April 5th, they elected in his room, according to law of Tanistry, one of their own number, named Muircertach, *anglice* Maurice, who was the son of Domnall, the predecessor and uncle of Archbishop Celsus. Doctor McCarthy (*Annals of Ulster,* 122), thought this election must have taken place in Lismore, the electors being the members of the primate's numerous retinue; he considered that the news of the vacancy could not possibly have reached Armagh in the space of four days. But surely a swift courier could have made the journey in that time; and the primate's companions, who wished to confine the succession to his family as heretofore and knew of Malachy's nomination, would be certain to dispatch such a courier the moment Celsus breathed his last. It seems unlikely that the latter was accompanied to Munster by such a number of his kinsmen as would suffice for an election.

The others whom Celsus enjoined to secure the succession of Malachy did all in their power to obey the command. But for three years our Saint con-

tinued firm in his refusal. His excuses were many: the difficulty of dislodging the intruder, powerfully supported as he was by the secular arm, the bloodshed that would almost inevitably result from the attempt, his prior obligations towards the diocese of Down and Connor, etc. At last the legate, Gilbert of Limerick, Bishop Malchus of Lismore and several other bishops, accompanied by the kings of Desmond and Thomond, went in a body to Iveragh, and obliged him to accept the primatial dignity under threat of excommunication. Poor Malachy could no longer resist. He was like a tempest-tossed ship that has no sooner entered a tranquil haven, secure from the winds and the waves, than she has again to go forth to battle with a still more terrible storm. "You are conducting me to my death," he cried. "Very well. I obey you in hopes of the martyr's crown, yet only on this condition: that if, according to your desire and expectation, my efforts prove successful, and God delivers His inheritance from the hands of those who have usurped it, and I am enabled to restore peace to the Church and dispose everything in order, I be then permitted to return to my first and best-beloved spouse, holy poverty, from whose embraces I am now torn, and to appoint in my place some other whom I shall find worthy." This condition was agreed to. The reference to poverty was quite worthy of the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

CHAPTER V

MAURICE SUCCEEDED BY NIALL — CONSPIRATORS PUNISHED — MALACHY INSTALLED PRIMATE — THE STAFF OF JESUS AND THE BOOK OF ARMAGH CARRIED OFF AND RECOVERED — MALACHY RESIGNS AND APPOINTS GELASIUS AS HIS SUCCESSOR

MALACHY had resisted so far as he dared his appointment as coarb of Patrick. But now that, in spite of his efforts, he found himself burdened with this responsibility, he would not be content with an empty title or a sinecure. He would be primate in fact as well as in name. So, taking sorrowful leave of his brethren at Iveragh, he hastened north and immediately assumed the government of the archdiocese. However, as he was unwilling to be the occasion of bloodshed, he would not enter the city of Armagh. Many of the clergy and people acknowledged him as their legitimate pastor; but the usurper also had numerous adherents even amongst the nobles, for he belonged to an illustrious house. This state of affairs continued two years, at the end of which time Maurice was carried off by a sudden death. According to St. Bernard, he died impenitent. The Four Masters tell us, on the contrary, that he breathed his last on September 17th, 1134, "after the victory of martyrdom and penance." Charity is truth, no doubt, but it does not necessarily follow that the more charitable

account of events is always the more truthful. In the present case, the Annalists' testimony cannot possibly be reconciled with well-known historical facts.

Although Maurice met his end without much warning, he still had time to designate his successor in the primatial see. The person of his choice bore the name of Niall. He was a brother to Celsus, the late primate, but differed from him widely in disposition and character. He had himself duly installed archbishop, and made it clear that he had no thought of yielding to his rival. But the friends of reform determined to take action at last. The moment seemed opportune. Niall, it is true, could count perhaps on the support of Conor O'Loughlin, the most powerful ruler in Ulster, but at this time—September, 1134—O'Loughlin would hardly dare interfere, for the allied kings of Munster, McCarthy and O'Brien, having fought their way through Connacht, were actually in the neighbourhood of Armagh, near enough to control the situation there.

A meeting was therefore held for the purpose of putting Malachy in possession of the metropolitan church. Malachy himself attended, of course, and with him several other bishops and a multitude of the laity. There was a king present also, as we learn from St. Bernard, who, unfortunately, does not give us the name. His language, however, implies that it must have been either the monarch to whose kingdom Armagh belonged, that is, Conor O'Loughlin, or else King Cormac of Desmond. If O'Loughlin, he must have suddenly changed sides—a thing not

at all usual—because he is believed to have favoured the schismatical party from the first. As for Cormac, he could easily have attended, as he was then with his army close by.

When the people had assembled in the open place appointed for the meeting, word came to Malachy that a great crowd of the schismatic's supporters were gathered on a neighbouring hill, ready to swoop down upon them with the purpose of murdering the monarch and himself. Afflicted at the thought of innocent blood being shed on his account, he implored Almighty God to frustrate the designs of the impious. Immediately a dark cloud enveloped the hill and a dreadful storm burst over it, with rolling of thunder and flashing of lightning. The most remarkable circumstance was that the tumult of the elements confined itself to the place occupied by the conspirators; in the surrounding districts everything remained calm and serene. As soon as the tempest subsided, the body of the ringleader, with those of three of his associates, was found charred and putrescent amongst the branches of a tree, where they had been blown by "the mighty rushing wind." Three more of the conspirators sustained such grievous injuries that they seemed to be in a dying condition. Such is St. Bernard's account. According to the *Annals of Innisfallen,* twelve men were killed by the lightning.

After that, the schismatics made no further effort to prevent Malachy's installation as metropolitan. The schism, however, had not yet come to an end. As the Primate's royal protector could not remain

long in Armagh, he took what he considered adequate precautions for the maintenance of peace in his absence. That is, he exacted from the most powerful of Niall's adherents a sworn promise to preserve order and in nowise to interfere with Malachy in the discharge of his functions. But no sooner had the king taken his departure than this person—St. Bernard calls him a prince—formed a design to murder the holy Archbishop. One evening when Malachy was presiding at the office of Vespers in the great church, messengers came to announce that the prince just referred to desired his presence at a certain place for the purpose of arranging terms of peace. When asked by the Primate's friends—who evidently suspected some treacherous design—why their master did not rather come to the church, which was the most proper place for carrying on peace negotiations, they answered that he feared the violence of the mob. Thereupon Malachy declared his readiness to go with them. And when his friends attempted to dissuade him, he, willing to expose his life in the interests of peace, made answer: "You must allow me, brethren, to walk in the footsteps of my Master, for to no purpose am I a Christian if I refuse to follow Christ. Perchance by thus humbling myself I shall soften the tyrant. In any case I shall conquer by rendering to him the submission which he should rather render to me, as the sheep to the shepherd and the layman to the bishop. You also, as I trust, will benefit by my example. What matters it if I lose my life? I am quite willing to suffer death if by doing so I shall edify my children. I

must not show myself a bishop—so the Prince of pastors warns me—by 'lording it over the clergy, but being made a pattern of the flock from the heart' (I *Peter* v, 3), after the example of Him Who humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death. Who will grant me that I may become in the same manner a pattern to my children by shedding my blood in the cause of peace! At least you shall see whether your pastor has learned as he ought from Christ's example to face death boldly for Christ's sake."

So he went, accompanied by three of his disciples.

Now, the prince and his companions had arranged to seize the Archbishop the moment he appeared, and dispatch him without delay. But when he came amongst them, they somehow forgot their murderous design, their savage enmity was suddenly changed into sincere veneration, and the time and place that were to witness the beginning of war witnessed instead the establishment of peace. The people, nevertheless, knowing that their venerated Pastor still had many secret foes always on the look-out for an opportunity to slay him, insisted on providing him with a body-guard. But for his own part, he put his trust, not in the arm of flesh, but in Divine Providence.

Deprived though he was of much of the support on which he had reason to count, Niall was too obstinate a man to surrender without a struggle. He fled from Armagh at Malachy's entrance, but he did not go empty-handed. He took with him the two most precious possessions of the primatial see, the

Staff of Jesus (Bachall Isa) and the Book of Armagh (Canoin Phadruig). The former was a wooden crozier enshrined in a case of gold, richly studded with jewels. According to ancient tradition, St. Patrick received the staff from the hand of Christ Himself after his consecration as bishop. It was enshrined by St. Tassach, Patrick's artificer and soul-friend. Transferred from Armagh to Christ Church, Dublin, by the Norman invaders in 1180, it was publicly burned as a superstitious object by the common hangman in 1538, at the bidding of Browne, the Protestant archbishop. The Book of Armagh has fortunately survived the vicissitudes of centuries. It is a quarto volume of 221 vellum leaves, written in double columns. Its contents are varied. First we have incidents from the life of St. Patrick, then his *Confession,* followed by the New Testament, next comes a Life of St. Martin of Tours, and last a short litany. This celebrated manuscript, with its marvellous calligraphy, we owe to the scribe Feardomhnach, whose death is recorded by the Four Masters under the year 844. After many changes of hands, it is now the much-prized possession of Trinity College, Dublin.

The possession of these venerable relics secured to Niall the respect and allegiance of many, for the simple people had been taught to regard them as inseparable from the primatial dignity. In this way he soon made himself strong enough to recover his position in Armagh. The Four Masters postdate this event by at least one year when, under 1136, they make the laconic remark: "A change of abbots at

Ard-Macha: Niall, son of Aedh, in place of Maelmaedhog." Most likely it occurred during the winter of 1134, for, as the same Annalists tell us, Malachy then "made his visitation of Munster and obtained his full tribute," and his absence afforded an opportunity which Niall would have hardly missed. It is to be noted that St. Bernard makes no mention of either the schismatic's re-entrance into Armagh or Malachy's visitation of Munster.

In this eventful year, 1134, our Saint lost his old spiritual director, Ivor O'Hagan, who died in Rome, whither he had gone on pilgrimage. He is commemorated as a saint on August 13th—probably the date of his death. The year following, Malachy had to mourn the loss of another dear friend, Bishop Malchus of Waterford, "chief senior of the Irish who died at Lismore after the eighty-eighth year of his age." He, too, has been accorded the title of saint and his memory is venerated on August 10th. We may presume he had another visit from Malachy during the latter's tour of Munster at the close of 1134 or the beginning of the following year. The Four Masters, in the record of his death, give him the name Maoiliosa Ua hAinmire. As they make mention of another hAinmire in the very next sentence, it is possible there may be a mistake. However, the name was a common one in Ireland at the time.

Niall's victory at Armagh was of very short duration, for within a year he was again driven out. A further triumph for his rival was the recovery of the Staff of Jesus. Here is the record of this event

taken from the Four Masters under year 1135: "Maelmaedhog Ua Morgair, successor of Patrick, purchased the Bachall Isa and took it from its cave on the seventh day of the month of July." Evidently the schismatic himself or somebody to whose keeping he had entrusted the relic first concealed it in a cave and then restored it to Malachy. The Book of Armagh was restored about the same time. According to St. Bernard, Niall himself surrendered both relics.

The schism had now come to an end. The holy Primate no longer encountered open opposition. Yet he had his critics. One man in particular, high in favour with the nobility, lost no opportunity of besmirching his character, until, the measure of his iniquity being filled up, his tongue swelled and rotted in his mouth, and after seven days of awful agony he miserably expired. When Malachy was preaching in church on a certain occasion, a woman belonging to Niall's family interrupted the discourse, calling him a hypocrite and a robber, and taunting him with his baldness. This insult to His servant the Lord likewise visited with exemplary chastisement. The woman was struck with madness and soon expired. Saint Bernard tells us how a pestilence that was raging in Armagh ceased at once when the Primate, bearing holy relics, led the clergy and people in procession through the streets. And these, the same author adds, are but examples of the many signs and prodigies wherewith God glorified His faithful servant during his occupancy of the primatial see.

For three years Malachy held the position of primate of the Irish Church and coarb of Patrick in face of an opposition which, at first almost overwhelming, gradually yielded to the power of his holiness and the irresistible charm of his personality. The war period had now passed and order and peace were restored. But not only had our Saint established peace throughout the archdiocese and the whole province of Leath Chuinn: he had also established himself firmly and irremovably in the hearts of his people. Great, consequently, was their grief on learning his intention to leave them. With tears they besought him to stay, but he could not be prevailed upon to alter his purpose: he had accomplished the task imposed upon him, and therefore by the terms of agreement was entitled to withdraw. Nor did he forget to exercise the privilege of appointing his successor. Here there was need of the utmost circumspection, as by a mistaken choice he would forfeit all the fruits of victory. The man qualified to conserve and develop what had been begun in Armagh should not only be virtuous, zealous, learned, and wise, but above all he should be endowed with that delicate charity which will never "quench the smoking flax or break the bruised reed." Such a man he found in Gelasius—Gilla Macliag—the abbot of Derry and coarb of Columcille.

Having thus provided for the future of the metropolitan church, he left the city for good in 1137. According to the Four Masters, Malachy "resigned the successorship of Patrick for the sake of God" in 1136, and was succeeded by Niall. The date is

almost certainly wrong. But there is nothing improbable in the supposition that the schismatic made a final attempt to reinstate himself after Malachy's resignation. The Annalists further inform us that the year after he yielded place to Gelasius, and died in 1139 " after intense penance."

CHAPTER VI

MALACHY RETURNS TO DOWN—DEATH OF CHRISTIAN—DEATH OF KING CORMAC—MALACHY CONTEMPLATES A JOURNEY TO ROME—OPPOSITION OF CLERGY AND PEOPLE—MEETING WITH SYCARUS AND ST. WALTHEOF—VISIT TO CLAIRVAUX — MEETING WITH POPE INNOCENT — PETITIONS—SECOND VISIT TO CLAIRVAUX—MIRACULOUS CURE OF PRINCE HENRY

AFTER Malachy's appointment to the primatial see, he had to make provision for the diocese that was widowed by his promotion. And this he did in a way that must have mystified many, and proved, if proof were needed, that profound humility is quite compatible with perfect independence of mind. He separated again the dioceses of Down and Connor, whose union had been decreed by the Synod of Rathbreasail. Doubtless he had learned from experience that what was practically the whole of Ulidia could not be properly governed by a single bishop. We may also presume that the consent of the legate, Bishop Gilbert, had been asked and obtained for so important a step. The holy Primate then appointed and consecrated a bishop for Connor, which was considered the better of the two dioceses, but Down he left vacant. His purpose in this became clear when, after resigning the primatial dignity, he returned to Down and resumed the administration of that see.

One of his first official acts on returning to Down was the establishment of a Priory of Canons Regular of St. Augustine. With regard to the situation of the establishment most authors place it in Downpatrick, but, as Dr. Lawlor points out, St. Bernard's narrative clearly implies that it occupied the site of Malachy's first monastery at Bangor.[1] Anyhow, the holy Bishop took up his abode in the priory, and began to live as a monk once more. However, he could not have here the same seclusion and solitude which he enjoyed so much at Iveragh. People kept crowding to him from all parts and from every rank of society, some for succour, corporeal or spiritual, others for instruction or advice. He was still primate in reality if not in name. He might, as he actually did, transfer to another the powers and insignia of the metropolitan see, but he could not so transfer the confidence and love of the faithful. Besides this source of distraction, there were the many public duties attaching to the episcopal office which the Bishop could not afford to neglect. But so far as his obligations permitted him, Malachy lived retired with his Canons.

On June 12th, 1138, his brother, Christian, died as bishop of Clogher. Of him St. Bernard writes: "He was a good man, full of grace and virtue. He, too, belonged to the episcopal order. In popular estimation he ranked only second to his brother, whom he perhaps equalled in zeal for justice and in sanctity of life." More fulsome is the Four Masters'

[1] *St. Malachy of Armagh,* pp. 63-4.

eulogy: "Gillachrist Ua Morgair, bishop of Clogher, a paragon in wisdom and piety, a brilliant lamp that enlightened the laity and clergy by preaching and good deeds (capital instance of the mixed metaphor), a faithful and diligent servant of the Church in general, died, and was interred in the church of SS. Peter and Paul at Ard-Macha."

In the same year the pious King Cormac McCarthy met his death at the hand of an assassin. The Four Masters chronicle the event as follows: "Cormac, son of Muireadhach, son of Carthach, king of Desmond and bishop of the kings of Ireland for bestowal of jewels and wealth upon the clergy and the churches, an improver of territories and churches, was killed in his own house by treachery."

That King Cormac is here called a bishop only in a metaphorical sense would seem to be plain enough from the context. True, the *Annals of Kilronan* give him the same title, but the record we find there resembles that of the Four Masters too closely to be regarded as independent testimony. Cormac was as zealous for the honour and advancement of religion as if he were a real bishop, or he stood as far above the other Irish kings as a bishop above his priests. And this title would suggest itself naturally enough to the Annalists with the thought of another of Cashel's great rulers, a namesake of McCarthy's too: King Cormac Macullinan (+903), who was both king and bishop. A further and convincing argument for the figurative interpretation is the fact that according to the *Annals of Tigernach* Cormac McCarthy was a married man. There can be no

longer any doubt that it is to Malachy's royal friend we owe Cormac's Chapel, one of the most magnificent examples of our ancient Irish art. It was built in 1127 and consecrated in 1134. As Malachy happened to be then in Munster he may well have been the consecrating prelate.

With regard to the other Irish monarch who befriended our Saint, King Conor O'Brien of Thomond, " the pillar of the valour and prowess of Leath Mogha," as the Four Masters describe him, it is distinctly pleasant to find a foreign historian [1] of great eminence testifying to his princely munificence towards the Church even in Continental countries. O'Brien was king of all Munster and the most powerful ruler in Ireland at the time of his death in 1142, " after the victory of penance."

Very soon after Malachy's return to Down, the thought occurred to him that many of his acts and institutions both as primate and as bishop might need to be confirmed by a higher authority; in short, that he was under obligation to render an account of his stewardship to the Vicar of Christ. The disastrous schism which from 1130 to 1138 divided the rest of Christendom into two warring factions seems to have produced not a single ripple in the Irish Church. Our Annalists do not even refer to it. There was universal peace now. Thanks to the superhuman efforts of St. Bernard, the whole world acknowledged Innocent II as legitimate pontiff. The time, therefore, was opportune for a pilgrimage to Rome. A

[1] Bellesheim, *Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche in Irland*, Erster Band, S. 341.

second motive for undertaking this journey was the suspicion that both Celsus and the Synod of Rathbreasail had acted *ultra vires,* the former in elevating Cashel to metropolitan dignity in 1106, the latter in sanctioning this arrangement. He had another reason, too, for presenting himself before Innocent. His own and his friends' zealous and laborious efforts for the reform of the Irish Church had been fruitful beyond all anticipation. If conditions were still far from ideal, a good beginning had been made, and it needed only time with the blessing of God to bring the work to completion. The national Church now possessed its primate, its ecclesiastical provinces ruled by metropolitans of eminent virtue and learning, its regularly constituted dioceses. As for the evil institution of lay prelates, now that the head was freed from this plague, the cure of the whole body could be effected without difficulty. Yet there was something still wanting which Malachy thought it incumbent on him to supply. He knew that a metropolitan was not canonically instituted until he had received from the Pope the archiepiscopal pall. And this neither of the Irish metropolitans had as yet received. So he decided to journey himself to Rome in order to solicit this favour from the Holy Father.

The first intimation of his purpose aroused a veritable storm of opposition. His religious, his clergy, his faithful people all united in the determination to prevent him from leaving the diocese; for he had become utterly precious in their eyes, and in the tenderness of their solicitous affection they

feared that if they let him out of their sight they might never again see him. When he remained unmoved by their entreaties, they told him plainly that, if necessary, they would not hesitate to employ force to thwart his design. Such, indeed, was their intention, and they only desisted when he threatened them with the anger of God. They then suggested that the question should be decided by lot, but he sternly forbade it, rebuking them withal for being so superstitious. Notwithstanding his prohibition, however, the lots were cast. When the first throw resulted in Malachy's favour, they declared a single trial insufficient for a matter of such moment, and made a second and a third with the same result. Then at last they reluctantly allowed him to have his way.

Before starting on a journey which would mean a prolonged absence from Ireland, he thought it necessary to appoint a successor to his brother in the see of Clogher. Why this matter should have rested with him is not very easy to explain, for Clogher was not in any sense subject to the jurisdiction of Down. Saint Bernard tells us how the appointment was made. Summoning to his presence three of his disciples, that is, Canons Regular, he considered anxiously which of them was the most worthy, or rather the best qualified for the episcopal office. After closely scrutinising each he said to one, named Aidan O'Kelly: "Do you, Aidan, take this burden upon you." And when the brother addressed looked frightened and unhappy, the Bishop encouraged him with the words: "Fear not, my

son, for the Lord Himself has pointed you out to me. I have just seen on your finger the gold ring wherewith you are to be espoused." Thereupon O'Kelly gave his consent and received consecration from Malachy. He died in 1182, after an administration which fully justified his holy Superior's choice.

All preparations having been made, Malachy left Ireland in 1139 or perhaps early in 1140, as Dr. Lawlor supposes. He took with him as travelling companions five priests and a number of inferior clerics. As for the whole party there were only three horses — pack-animals, doubtless, — it must have been the intention to make the overland journey on foot! Saint Bernard does not indicate the itinerarium except in the most general way—he considered nothing deserving of notice beyond what was calculated to glorify his friend or to edify the reader. After landing somewhere—presumably at Cairngarroch—on the west coast of Scotland, the pilgrims travelled southward to York. There they met a saintly priest named Sycarus who, enlightened by the Spirit of God, recognised Malachy and pointed him out to the bystanders, exclaiming: "This is the man of whom it was said to me in vision: from Ireland shall come a holy bishop who can read the thoughts of the human mind." He also communicated to the Irish Prelate many secrets concerning the Bishop himself and his companions. Amongst other revelations, he announced that only very few of Malachy's friends would return with him to Ireland. This was understood as a prediction that several of them would die on the journey;

but it was verified in a happier way when our Saint left his disciples, some at Clairvaux and some others elsewhere, to be trained in the Cistercian Observance.

Whilst our travellers remained in York they were visited by St. Waltheof, then prior of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine at Kirkham. He was the stepson of King David I of Scotland and connected besides with some of the noblest houses of England: he entered the Cistercian Order later on, and died abbot of Melrose in 1159. Seeing how poorly provided with horses were Malachy and his companions, he offered them the only animal in his possession, with an apology for the meanness of the gift, because the horse was in truth a sorry nag, black both in colour and character and difficult to manage. "I accept the gift all the more readily on that account," the Saint replied, "for however poor it may be in itself it is enriched by the charity that offers it." Then turning to his disciples, he said: "Saddle this horse for me; it just suits me and will serve me many a year." The conversions of black sheep was a common enough occurrence in Malachy's experience, but this was the first time he had occasion to rejoice over the conversion of a black horse. For the poor beast became almost immediately quite tractable and steady, and the interior transformation was accompanied and symbolised by a corresponding change in the exterior, inasmuch as from dark in colour it became perfectly white. Out of gratitude to the donor, Malachy continued to make use of this horse for nine years, that is, until the time of his death. The abbot of Clairvaux dwells so much upon

the animal as to give the impression that it must have been quite a pet of his.

Passing through Burgundy, Malachy must have recalled those other Bangor monks, SS. Columban, Gall, and companions, who six hundred years earlier had spent themselves here for the salvation of a thankless people. Perhaps he visited Luxeuil, founded by Columban, once the centre of religion and culture in the province, and still in a flourishing condition. We do not know. But his road led him near another famous abbey which he could by no means leave unvisited. This was Clairvaux, in the modern Department of Aube. It was then at the height of its glory, sheltering above seven hundred holy monks, and governed by that extraordinary man who, in the words of Balmez, " filled the world with his fame, upheaved it with his eloquence, swayed it with his influence." Bernard had been associated in one way or another with all the eminent characters of his age, by force of genius and sanctity he dominated Europe, popes and emperors were proud to call themselves his friends; nevertheless, he regarded his meeting with the humble Bishop from Ireland as a landmark in his life. " To me also," he writes, " it was given to meet Malachy on this journey. I found refreshment in his society and conversation, and delighted in his love as in all manner of riches. For sinner though I was, I found favour in his eyes, and from that time until his death he honoured me with his friendship. He had the goodness to turn out of his way in order to visit Clairvaux. When he saw the community the sight

filled him with emotion, and the religious, on their side, were not a little edified by his words and demeanour. He was much pleased with the place and its inhabitants. When at length he bade us farewell and resumed his journey, he bore us all enshrined in the very centre of his heart."

Eastward into Switzerland the pilgrims pursued their weary way, the humble Malachy feeling as mortified and self-reproachful after parting from Bernard as the great St. Antony of old after visiting St. Paul. The passage of the Alps being accomplished, they arrived at the town of Ivrea, where the Saint restored to health a sick child, the son of a charitable burgher who had given them hospitality. It is hardly rash to presume that they visited St. Columban's celebrated monastery at Bobbio, which lay right on their road. The community, of course, was no longer distinctively Irish, but Bobbio could not forget its illustrious founder nor fail to welcome to its cloister another illustrious son of the Emerald Isle.

Pope Innocent II received the saintly Irish Bishop with extraordinary marks of honour. But before even mentioning the business that brought him from Ireland, Malachy with tears in his eyes besought the Pontiff to grant him a favour which he had much at heart: he asked to be allowed to resign his see and to spend the rest of his life at Clairvaux. His request was not granted.[1] Innocent knew what need the Irish

[1] It is not unlikely that Bernard was responsible for this refusal. Malachy may be supposed to have asked him for letters to Innocent seconding his various petitions. The Abbot would then recommend the Pontiff to grant everything except the per-

Church still had of his zeal and example, and, instead of accepting his resignation, appointed him legate for the whole of Ireland in place of Gilbert, who, on account of age and infirmities, had begged to be relieved of that office. He fully approved of the changes made in the external organisation of the Irish Church, especially the elevation of Cashel to the dignity of a metropolitan see; but when asked for the palls, he replied: "That is a petition which must be made with more solemnity. Go back to your native country, assemble a General Council of the bishops, clergy and nobles of the land, then by the common desire of that assembly let application be made for the palls through honourable envoys, and you shall have them."

Malachy and his friends remained a full month in Rome, visiting the holy places and edifying all by their religious demeanour. We may be sure the grave of Ivor O'Hagan would be amongst the first of the holy places visited, if only they could discover it. Malachy often conversed with the Pope about the state of religion in Ireland, and quite won the Holy Father's affection, as he won the affection of everybody with whom he had to do. When he was on the point of taking his departure, Innocent, as a mark of special esteem, placed his own mitre on the

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mission to resign. This is exactly what the holy Doctor did when Peter the Venerable, Superior-General of the Cluniac Congregation of Benedictines, feeling called to an observance more in conformity with the letter and spirit of St. Benedict's Rule, decided to become a Cistercian, and besought him to obtain from Pope Eugenius the necessary permission. Bernard advised the Holy Father to refuse Peter nothing except leave to resign his office.

holy Bishop's head, and gave him besides the maniple and stole which he had been accustomed to use himself at the altar.

The Irish pilgrims visited Clairvaux again on the return journey. Malachy felt deeply disappointed at not being allowed to pass his remaining days in that hallowed spot. But if he might not remain at Clairvaux, perhaps he could bring Clairvaux with him to Ireland. Approaching Bernard, accompanied by four of his travelling companions, he said to him: "Let these, I beg of you, remain here for a while, that they may learn your manner of life and afterwards teach it to us. They shall be as a seed, and in that seed shall our whole nation be blessed." Christian O'Connarchy, the future bishop of Lismore and papal legate in Ireland, is the only one of the four whose name has come down to us. He was brother to the sinner Malchus, whom Malachy cured of spiritual and corporal ailments when he first went to Bangor. Malchus had himself become one of the Saint's favourite disciples.

As they were passing through Scotland on their way home, Malachy and his friends were summoned to the presence of King David. The monarch's only son, Henry, lay at the point of death, and the heart-broken father entreated the holy Bishop to pray for the sick youth. Malachy having blessed some water, sprinkled the patient therewith, then said to him: "Be of good cheer, son, you shall not die this time." Next day Henry was as well as ever. The king desired to detain Malachy at his castle, but the Saint was impatient to be home, and immediately resumed his journey.

We do not know the exact place where Malachy met King David, but St. Bernard's narrative seems to imply that it must have been in Wigtonshire, close to the village of Cruggleton. In this village a dumb girl over whom Malachy prayed miraculously acquired or recovered the power of speech. At Kirk Mochrum (called by St. Bernard St. Michael's Church), a dozen miles distant, he restored the use of reason to a poor demented woman, who was brought to him bound with cords because of her extreme violence. Thence he travelled to the port of Cairngarroch, Stonykirk, whence he intended to cross over to Bangor. Whilst waiting here for a ship, he and the few disciples that still remained with him constructed a little oratory of hurdles and surrounded it with a fence. An open space enclosed with the oratory he consecrated as a burial-ground. Numerous miracles wrought in this consecrated spot testified for years after to the efficacy of the holy Bishop's benediction.

CHAPTER VII

SAINT BERNARD'S FIRST LETTER TO MALACHY—MALACHY AS PAPAL LEGATE — HIS POVERTY, HUMILITY AND GENERAL CHARACTER—MIRACLES AND PROPHECIES—FASTING AGAINST THE KING—TAMING THE SHREW

MALACHY arrived in Bangor, after nearly twelve months' absence, about the close of the year 1140. The news of his arrival spread quickly far and wide, and brought immense crowds, made up of all ranks and conditions, to welcome him home. Almost immediately after his return he sent some more of his disciples for training to Clairvaux, and by them he sent a walking-stick, presumably an Irish blackthorn, for the special use of Abbot Bernard. They were also the bearers of a letter to the holy Doctor, which, with the rest of Malachy's correspondence, has been unhappily lost. But St. Bernard's answer enables us to divine the contents of his friend's communication. It runs as follows:

"To his venerable lord and most blessed father, Malachy, by the grace of God archbishop of the Irish and legate of the Apostolic See, Brother Bernard, styled abbot of Clairvaux, sends greeting and prays that he may find favour with the Lord.

"Amidst the many cares and anxieties of my heart, by the multitude whereof 'my soul is troubled exceedingly' (*Ps.* vi, 4), the brothers, come hither

from a far country to serve the Lord, your letter and ' your staff, they have comforted me ' (*Ps.* xxii, 4). For in your letter I have proof of your love, the staff helps to support my weak body, whilst the brothers console me by their fervour and humility. I have received all, I am delighted with all, ' all work together unto good for me ' (*Rom.* viii, 28).

" But with regard to the desire you have expressed that two of the four brothers who have been with us some time should now be sent home to select a suitable site for the new foundation, I have come to the conclusion, after talking the matter over with all the Irish monks here, that they ought not to be separated from one another until Christ has been more fully formed in them and they have learned perfectly how to fight the battles of the Lord. Therefore, as soon as they have been thoroughly trained in the school of the Holy Ghost, as soon as ' they have been endued with power from on high ' (*Luke* xxiv, 49), the children shall return to their father to ' sing the songs of the Lord,' not now ' in a strange land ' (*Ps.* cxxxvi, 4), but in the land of their birth. Do you, meanwhile, ' according to the wisdom given you by God ' (II *Peter* iii, 15), choose and make ready for them a home situated like the houses of the Order you have seen in France, in a spot far removed from the noise and bustle of the world. For the day is drawing nigh when, through the grace of God, we shall send back to you men made new from old. Oh, ' blessed be the name of the Lord for evermore ' (*Daniel* ii, 20), to Whose bounty I owe it that I have children in common with

you! It was you that 'planted' by your preaching, I 'watered' by exhortation, 'but God gave the increase' (I *Cor.* iii, 6).

"I beg of you, holy father, not to desist from announcing the word of God, so that you may 'give the knowledge of salvation to His people' (*Luke* i, 77). You are bound to this by a twofold obligation: in virtue of your legatine office and in virtue of your episcopal charge. For the rest, since 'in many things we all offend' (*James* iii, 2), and since we who often have occasion to mix with men of the world must necessarily be powdered with some of the world's dust, I commend myself to your prayers and to those of your disciples, that Jesus Christ, the Source of piety, may vouchsafe to wash and cleanse me from my stains in the fountain of His mercy. For it is He Who said to Peter: 'if I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with Me' (*John* xiii, 8). This service I not only solicit of you as a favour, but demand as a right, because I, on my side, do not neglect to importune the Lord for you—if yet the prayers of a poor sinner can be of any avail. Farewell in the Lord."

The title "archbishop of the Irish" given to our Saint in this letter was intended as a purely honorary one. Bernard knew well that his friend had now no claim to the dignity of a metropolitan.

Malachy hardly needed his friend's pious exhortation to devote himself with ardour to the preaching of the Word. We have seen how zealously he exercised his functions as vicar, as abbot, as bishop, and as primate. We have now to see him discharging the

duties attached to the legatine office. Never were duties more faithfully fulfilled. He covered the whole island with his restless activity. North and south, east and west he journeyed, always on foot, always surrounded by a group of his disciples, restoring, suppressing, instructing, rebuking, even chastising. Synods were multiplied, monasteries and convents founded, evil customs replaced with good, salutary laws revived or enacted, ecclesiastics reanimated with new courage and zeal, superiors and inferiors reminded of their mutual obligations, the rich exhorted to charity, the poor to patience, good order established everywhere and in everything. Whenever possible during his constant journeyings, the Legate chose for his lodgings some religious house, and there he would live just like a member of the community, accepting nothing beyond what the common rule prescribed.

His poverty was extreme. Saint Bernard assures us that he never owned any kind of personal property from the first day of his conversion to the last of his life. No, not even after his consecration as bishop or his promotion to the primacy had he either manservants or maidservants, either houses or lands, or any sort of revenue whatsoever. And he was no less humble than poor. No kind of occupation, no matter how abject, did he regard as beneath him, rather he liked it the better the more abject it was. Nor would he consent to have anything in his food or clothing to distinguish him from his brethren.

His external conduct appeared wonderfully regulated, revealing, as St. Bernard remarks, the hidden

beauty, power, and purity of his angelic soul. In everything he observed the utmost modesty and decorum, so that nothing was ever seen in him that the most exacting could find fault with. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man" (James iii, 2). What then, asks the Abbot of Clairvaux, shall we say of Malachy, from whom, however closely you observed him, you could never hear so much as an idle word, or see an idle gesture? Nay, you could find nothing but what edified in his walk, in his deportment, in his dress, in his countenance. His facial expression, free alike from the gloom begotten of sadness and the levity prone to mirth, was always joyous and serene, whilst his manner, ever courteous and affable, held the golden mean between the austerity which repels and the laxity which induces dissipation. Ordinarily he kept his eyes cast down, but not in an affected manner; he seldom indulged in laughter, yet was anything but a *memento mori,* for he had a bright and happy smile that was infectious and added to the beauty of his countenance. His delight was to be alone with God or chanting with the brethren in choir, nevertheless, he would promptly interrupt his devotions whenever duty or charity demanded. On the other hand, if he was never so absorbed in prayer as to forget his neighbour's needs, he also knew how to be recollected amid the turmoil of business. He showed himself wonderfully prudent in correcting faults, lest he should break the vessel in his efforts to cleanse it. Hence he would often overlook abuses for the moment, postponing the remedy to a more seasonable

time. In short, Malachy might be proposed to all states and classes as a model of Christian virtue and a pattern of perfection. No wonder the people hung upon his words as if he were an angel from heaven, no wonder his decisions were received as oracles and written down for the benefit of posterity!

Anyone who takes the trouble to compare the nineteenth chapter of Bernard's *Life of St. Malachy,* and his second sermon on the same, with the instructions written for Pope Eugenius's guidance by the great Abbot in his *De Consideratione* cannot fail to perceive a very striking resemblance in thought and expression. In painting his portrait of the ideal pontiff, Bernard undoubtedly had his Irish friend in view. Eugenius asked how he should conduct himself in his pontificate so as to consult for the public good without detriment to his own spiritual interests; the holy Doctor answered in effect: Study the life and follow the example of Malachy and all will be well.

Our Saint's activities as legate were attended with multiplied miracles, although, as St. Bernard says, Malachy was himself the greatest of his miracles. The Abbot of Clairvaux reports with ample detail a large number of these prodigies, large in itself, but, so he assures us, only a small fraction of the whole, and he has arranged them in logical rather than in chronological order. For ourselves, we have only space to refer to a few. Two demoniacs were delivered in Coleraine at Malachy's prayer, another elsewhere in Ulster, still another in Lismore. In Saul, Co. Down, the Saint restored the use of reason

to a poor maniac. He gave the power of speech to a dumb man in Antrim, and to a dumb girl in Lismore, by touching her tongue; another person similarly afflicted miraculously recited the Pater Noster at his command. He restored to health a sick nobleman by sprinkling him with holy water; this nobleman, whom St. Bernard calls Count Diarmuid, seems to have been none other than the infamous traitor, MacMurrough. Certainly it was not his virtues that obtained his restoration, for the holy Doctor describes him as a bad man, much addicted to gluttony.

In Cashel a paralysed youth obtained his cure through the prayer of Malachy. A similar miracle was wrought at Bangor in favour of a poor man who could only creep along the ground like a wounded animal and had lived for many years on the charity of the monks. Summoned on a certain evening to the bedside of a sick woman, the wife of a nobleman resident near Bangor, the Saint was preparing to anoint her as she desired; but it seemed to the by-standers that this should be deferred until morning. Malachy acquiesced in their judgment, for in truth there appeared to be no immediate danger of death. But shortly after his return to the monastery the news came that the woman had expired. He hastened back to the bedside in great distress of mind, bitterly reproaching himself with having robbed her of the grace of holy Unction, and telling the Lord that he would refuse all comfort until the harm resulting from his negligence should be fully repaired. The whole night long he remained at the bedside, praying and weeping without respite. When morning

broke, to the utter amazement of all, the dead woman opened her eyes and sat up, " rubbing her forehead and temples with her hand, in the manner of those awakened out of a profound sleep." She lived long enough to perform the penance imposed by the Saint, then once more fell asleep in the Lord.

Immediately after the foregoing, St. Bernard describes for us in very graphic language the moral miracle of the conversion of a scold. She was a woman possessed by the spirit of fury, clamour, and torrential vituperation; the terror of her locality, she created a solitude whithersoever she came, for everybody fled in panic from her presence. This lady being dragged before Malachy by her relatives, he learned on inquiry that she had never received the Sacrament of Penance. He therefore induced her to make a general confession. After pronouncing the words of absolution, he commanded her to keep a bridle for the future on her temper and tongue. From that moment she exhibited, instead of the ferocity of the tigress, the meekness of the lamb. " Others may think as they please," adds the Abbot, " but to my mind the reformation of this termagant was a greater manifestation of supernatural power than the miracle that awakened the dead." On two occasions Malachy's blessing produced an abundance of fish where before there had been scarcity, once in the sea and once in a large river.

" One day," writes St. Bernard, " as the Saint was passing through a certain town—probably Clonmel or Ardfinnan—surrounded by an immense multitude, his attention was attracted by a certain

young man who seemed to be particularly desirous to catch a glimpse of him. The youth had mounted on a rock, and, standing on tip-toe with outstretched neck and straining eye, was eagerly watching Malachy, just like another Zacheus. And in truth he had come in the spirit and power of Zacheus, as the Bishop learned by inspiration from the Holy Ghost. But the Saint, pretending nothing, proceeded on his way in silence. That night in the monastery where he lodged he told the religious how he had observed the young man, and the revelation he had received concerning him. Three days later the youth arrived at the monastery, accompanied by his master, a certain nobleman, who, explaining his companion's wish and desire, requested that on his recommendation he should be admitted into the community. But Malachy, recognising the postulant, exclaimed: 'He whom God has Himself commended needs no recommendation from man,' and taking the youth by the hand presented him to Abbot Congan and his monks. He, still living if I mistake not, was the first lay postulant received at Suriense (Innislounaght, on the Suir, about a mile distant from Clonmel), and has testimony from all that he converses holily amongst his brethren, according to the Cistercian rule. And from this the brethren knew that Malachy had the spirit of prophecy."

There was question of choosing a bishop for Cork, and the electors could not agree as to the one best qualified for the position. Malachy, being informed of the situation, visited the city for the purpose of putting an end to the dispute. It seemed to all the

wisest course to leave the appointment of the new bishop to him. He accepted the responsibility. To the astonishment of the whole city, he named one whom nobody had thought of, for, although very holy and learned, he was a poor man and a stranger in Cork, and at that very time lying helpless in his bed. The invalid sent word to Malachy that it was utterly impossible for him to undertake the government of the diocese, since he could not so much as rise from his couch without assistance. "Let him rise in the name of the Lord," was the Saint's answer. "I command him to do so. Obedience will restore him to health." Trusting to this promise, the sick man arose and found that his strength had returned to him. The bishop thus appointed is to be identified, apparently, with Giolla Aodha O'Maighin, who attended the Synod of Kells in 1152.

Two clans that had been at war agreed to make peace at Malachy's intercession, all obliging themselves under oath to be faithful to the conditions. After awhile one of the parties, seeing their enemies off their guard, determined to make a treacherous attack upon them. They set out, accordingly, to invade their territory; but on coming to what had been heretofore a shallow brook they found it swollen to a mighty river, so broad and deep that is was impossible to ford it. No rain had recently fallen, there had been no thaw of snow upon the mountains, another stream close at hand was at its usual level. The only explanation conceivable was that heaven had interposed miraculously to prevent them from violating their oath to the holy Bishop. So, humbled

and penitent, they immediately retraced their steps.

"A certain nobleman having incurred the royal displeasure was restored to favour through the mediation of Malachy: for the nobleman distrusted the king, and would not approach him to sue for pardon except through Malachy or some other for whom the king had equal respect. The event proved that his fears were not unfounded. Rendered secure and incautious by the pretended reconciliation, he was soon arrested and thrown into prison by order of the king, who hated him now more than ever. The friends of the prisoner, fearing he would be put to death, claimed the intervention of the holy Bishop who had guaranteed the man's safety. What was Malachy to do? The only thing possible was to have recourse to his usual expedient in such circumstances. Gathering together all his disciples—the monks of Bangor—he proceeded at the head of this powerful army to the royal residence. He demanded the liberation of the captive, and was refused.

"Then addressing the monarch, he said: 'O impious king, you are acting against the Lord, against me, and against yourself in violating your promise. But if you will dishonour your word, I will not dishonour mine. The prisoner put himself under my protection; therefore, if he be put to death, I have betrayed him, I am guilty of his blood. Are you resolved to prove yourself a perjurer and me a traitor? Know, then, that neither I myself nor these with me will taste any food until this man has been set at liberty.'

" Thereupon, entering the church, with sighs and tears he and his companions besought Almighty God to rescue him who was unjustly confined from the power of the wicked and treacherous tyrant. All that day and the following night they persevered in prayer and fasting. The king was informed of what was being done, but instead of being softened was hardened the more. The carnal-minded man at last took flight, fearing that if he remained he might have to yield to the power of prayer. As if, forsooth, he could conceal himself from Malachy's eyes or go where the Saint could not follow. O miserable wretch, would you set bounds to the efficacy of a just man's prayer? Can one flee from its force as from an arrow? Malachy followed the fugitive and discovered his hiding-place. ' Thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun ' (*Acts* xiii, 11), he exclaimed, ' so that thou mayest be able to see in a more salutary manner, and mayest understand how hard it is for thee to kick against the goad ' (*Acts* ix, 5). Then was seen a second Saul led by the hand to a second Ananias to give up his prey and recover his sight."

The king referred to by St. Bernard in this passage can have been none other than the virtual Ard-Ri, Turlough Mor O'Connor (+1156), one of the ablest monarchs that ever ruled Ireland, but of a suspicious and cruel disposition, and responsible for several acts of treachery similar to that described above.

The custom of " fasting against " oppressors as a means of obtaining justice goes back to very early times in Irish history. It was actually imposed upon the peasant as part of the legal process for the re-

covery of his right when the defendant happened to be of chieftain rank. Cf. *Ancient Laws of Ireland* (*Senchus Mor*), Vol. I, pp. 82 *et seq.* Nor was it confined to Ireland. It survived almost to our own times in India (although forbidden by the British Government), where creditors exacted their dues by "sitting dherna" at the door of the debtor, that is, "they remained fasting before his door until by fear of their dying there compliance on the part of the debtor was exacted." [1] Nor did St. Parick object to it. He actually had recourse to it himself on four different occasions; once, in company with St. Germanus of Auxerre, he fasted against the people of an English village, another time he fasted against King Lóegaire, a third time against King Trían of Ulster,[2] and a fourth time on Croaghpatrick against the Lord Himself.[3] In 1144 the clergy of Ireland fasted against the same King Turlough to obtain the release of his own son, Rory, whom he had unjustly put in prison. The immediate purpose of this expedient was sometimes to awaken the compassion of the person fasted against, sometimes to frighten

[1] *Dublin Review*, April-July, 1871, 395.

[2] Cf. Stokes, *Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*, 219, 418, 560.

[3] "Then Patrick went unto Cruachan Aigle on Saturday of Whitsuntide. The angel came to commune with him and said to him, 'God gives thee not what thou demandest, because it seems to Him excessive and obstinate, and great are the requests.' 'Is that His pleasure?' saith Patrick. 'It is,' saith the angel. 'Then this is *my* pleasure,' saith Patrick, 'I will not go from this Rick until I am dead (from fasting) or till the requests are granted to me.' So Patrick abode in Cruachan in much displeasure, without food or drink, from Shrove Saturday to Easter Saturday." *Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*, pp. 113-115. Of course, the Lord relented.

him with the prospect of becoming responsible for the death of the faster, but more usually to arouse public sympathy.

In Lismore there lived a cleric, very learned and eloquent and of irreproachable life, but with heretical views on the subject of Transubstantiation. In fact, he obstinately denied the real presence of Christ's Flesh and Blood under the sacramental species. Malachy strove many times in private conversation to bring him to the truth, but in vain. Then he cited him before an assembly of the clergy. The heretic defended his opinion with much ability, yet was unanimously condemned. Still unconverted, he resolved to quit the town, but had not gone far when a sudden illness seized him. Finding himself at the point of death, he sent for Malachy, abjured his error, and breathed his last with every sign of a sincere repentance. Thus was fulfilled a prediction made before the council by the Saint that the Lord would very soon oblige him to recant.

Malachy designed to erect a stone oratory at Bangor like those he had seen abroad. This gave offence to the people of the neighbourhood, who, being extremely conservative, resented the introduction of foreign fashions. They went so far as to threaten that they would forcibly prevent the execution of the design. Now, the leader of the opposition was the son of him to whom Malachy had so generously handed over the monastic estates of Bangor, and he, like his father, instead of showing gratitude, never ceased to insult and slander the Saint. He arrived one day at the spot where a beginning had been made

with the oratory, and ordered the holy Bishop to desist. "Wretched man," replied Malachy, "the building you have seen begun shall most certainly be completed, but its completion you shall not see." In a short time the building was finished, but the obstructionist had already gone to his account, according to Malachy's prediction.

Once when, assisted by a deacon, he was celebrating Mass in a certain church, a dove, all refulgent with dazzling light, entered through a window, and after flying about for some moments, perched on the cross before Malachy's face, enveloping his whole figure in a mantle of unearthly splendour. The deacon, like the Apostles on Thabor, fell flat on the ground and lay motionless. After Mass, the Saint exacted from him a promise that so long as he himself lived the matter should be kept a close secret.

CHAPTER VIII

SAINT BERNARD'S SECOND AND THIRD LETTERS — MELLIFONT AND ITS FILIATIONS — ALBIN O'MOLLOY — HEALY ON THE CISTERCIANS IN IRELAND

THE first letter addressed by St. Bernard to Malachy was probably written in the year 1141. Therein the holy Doctor urges his friend to select a suitable site for the foundation of the first Cistercian establishment in Ireland. Our Saint lost no time in acting on this suggestion. He selected a spot near the Boyne, about five miles north-west from Drogheda, in the modern County Louth, which then formed part of the kingdom of Oriel. This kingdom was now ruled by Donough O'Carrol, who succeeded Conor O'Loughlin in 1136. To O'Carrol, therefore, the Cistercians owed the site of their first Irish foundation. They called the place Mellifont, that is, Honey-Fountain, a most appropriate name, suggestive of sweetness, freshness and purity—a very poem in miniature.

In the course of 1142, when some provision had been made for their reception, Ireland received from Clairvaux its first Cistercian colony, composed of the four young Gaels originally entrusted by Malachy to St. Bernard's care, and twice as many French monks [1] of riper experience. Amongst these

[1] According to Cistercian rule a colony should consist of twelve monks besides the superior. Hence there must have been nine Frenchmen at Mellifont.

latter one named Robert deserves special mention, because he was the architect of Mellifont. The pioneers came from France under charge of Christian O'Connarchy. They brought with them a second epistle from the Abbot of Clairvaux to his Irish friend :—

" To Malachy, by the grace of God Bishop and Legate of the Apostolic See, Brother Bernard, styled Abbot of Clairvaux, presents his humble respects and devoted duty.

" I have done, holy father, what you have enjoined, and if not with all the perfection which the work deserved, at least with as much thoroughness as the time permitted. So great indeed and widespread is the malice of the day that even the little which has been accomplished was scarcely possible to me. I have sent, as you will have observed, a very scanty supply of seed, in order that you may sow even a small part of that field into which the true Isaac went forth of old to meditate, what time Rebecca was first brought to him by Abraham's servant and happily united to him in everlasting wedlock (*Gen.* xxiv, 63). But insignificant though it looks, this seed must not be despised, because through it we now behold fulfilled in your country what was spoken long ago by the Prophet : ' Except the Lord of hosts had left us seed we had been as Sodom and we should have been like to Gomorrha ' (*Is.* i, 9). Accordingly, as I have sown, do you water, 'and God will give the increase' (I *Cor.* iii, 6).

" I salute through you all the Saints of your house-

hold, commending myself to the holy prayers of them and you. Farewell."

The erection of the new monastery did not proceed without some difficulties. The French monks sent over to assist in the work had come against their will. It is a well-known fact that in St. Bernard's time even the most obedient religious found it extremely hard to leave Clairvaux, although but for a short period or to mount an episcopal throne—so hard that they sometimes returned despite the holy Abbot's prohibition, assured, however, of his forgiveness and welcome. Privation and hardship to any degree they would willingly endure, but separation from their beloved father was a thing intolerable. This exile's heart-hunger was called the *nostalgia Claravallensis*.

But in addition to this, the French monks at Mellifont found they could not get along with the native Irish and resolved to return : just as SS. Paul and Silas separated amicably from SS. Barnabas and Mark when they found it impossible to work together (*Acts* xv, 38-40). We learn from the Abbot of Clairvaux that the Irishmen refused to be guided by the counsels of the foreigners with regard to certain matters which he does not specify. It is probable the natives wished to have the monastery constructed on the model of the ancient Irish abbeys, whilst the Frenchmen insisted on preserving uniformity with the other Cistercian houses. Indeed, the General Chapter of the Order required that all establishments should be built on a uniform plan. The monastic

edifices should form a quadrangle. Of this quadrangle the church—cruciform—occupied the north side; the sacristy, chapter-house, parlours and dormitory, the east; the refectory, kitchen and other offices, the south; the laybrothers' quarters, the west. Set against the inside walls of these buildings were the cloisters, enclosing the plot called the cloister-garth. All the buildings, of course, were of stone, and of such proportions as must have astonished the simple-minded Gaels.

The foreigners, accordingly, returned to Clairvaux, leaving the monastery unfinished. With them went the young superior, Christian O'Connarchy, for he realised, so it seems, that he needed a more thorough training under Bernard's eye before he could discharge with success the difficult duties attaching to his office. Nothing daunted by this desertion, the Irish brethren went on with the work, obtaining what help they could from their neighbours.

It is not certain if all the French monks abandoned Mellifont, but amongst those that did was the one most necessary, the architect, Robert. Malachy sent a letter to Bernard begging, apparently, for Robert's return. The request was granted; and with the architect came Abbot Christian to resume his duties, and bearing a letter from the Abbot of Clairvaux. They arrived most probably in 1144. These remarks will enable the reader to understand the allusions in St. Bernard's third epistle, which runs thus:

"To his most loving father and most reverend lord, Malachy, by the grace of God Bishop and

Legate of the Holy and Apostolic See, Brother Bernard, styled Abbot of Clairvaux, wishes health and promises the benefit of his humble prayers.

"Oh, 'how sweet are your words to my palate' (*Ps.* cxviii, 103), my beloved father and lord! How delightful to my soul the very thought of you! If there be any capacity of tenderness in me, any power of devotion, any force of spiritual affection, be assured, my dearest friend, that my love for you claims and appropriates it all. But there is no necessity to multiply words where feelings are so manifest. Yea, I am confident that the Spirit Whom you have from God giveth testimony to your own spirit (*Rom.* viii, 16) that all that I am, little though it be, is unreservedly yours. And do you on your side, O father most loving and most beloved, 'deliver not up to oblivion the soul of the poor man' (*Ps.* lxxiii, 19) who is united to you by the bonds of tenderest affection, 'and forget not for ever the soul of your poor servant' (*ibid.*). I do not now as for the first time commend myself to your love, since for several years I have rejoiced in the Lord that my littleness has found favour in the eyes of your holiness. I only pray that your old love for me may wax stronger and stronger, daily advancing to new degrees.

"I commend to you my children, yea, your children also, and that all the more earnestly because they are so far distant. You know that, after God, I sent them with fullest confidence in you, forasmuch as I felt certain I should be doing wrong in not complying with your wishes. Deal with them, therefore, as becomes your paternity: embrace them and

cherish them with all the tenderness of true affection. Let nothing whatever induce you at any time to lessen your zeal and solicitude in their regard, lest that should perish ' which your own right hand hath planted ' (*Ps.* lxxix, 16).

" I learn from your letter and also from the account brought back to me by my own religious that the new foundation is making good progress, and is prospering both materially and spiritually. On this I congratulate you with all my heart, and I render my most grateful acknowledgments therefor to the Divine Goodness and to your paternal solicitude. But, holy father, there is still great need of your watchful attention with respect to this community which is yet young, and moreover is established in a country unfamiliar or rather altogether unacquainted with the monastic life.[1] Therefore I beseech you in the Lord not to withdraw your hand, but to carry forward to full perfection the work you have so well begun.

" As for those monks of mine who have returned hither from Ireland, I should have been better pleased with them had they remained. But perchance they found some excuse for thus retracing their steps in the less disciplined manners of the native Irish brethren, and more particularly in the

[1] This can only mean that the Irish had no previous experience of *Cistercian* monasticism. Saint Bernard knew well that Ireland was *par excellence* the land of monastic traditions. He himself mentions the fact that several thousand monks served God at Bangor and that one of St. Comgall's disciples founded a hundred monasteries in the country. Even Benedictine monasticism was not unknown, for the Danes founded St. Mary's, Dublin, for a Benedictine community in 938.

unwillingness they showed to take advice concerning matters whereof they had until the present no experience at all.

"I have sent to you my most dear son, Christian, who is your son also, instructed as fully as possible in all that appertains to our Order, and, as I trust, determined to show himself for the future still more exact than heretofore in carrying out its observances. Be not surprised that I have not sent a number of religious with him. The reason is this, that I have not been able to find many suitable persons who were willing to go, and I did not judge it wise to compel the reluctant. But my best-beloved son, Robert, consented to my prayers on the present occasion also, as a true child of obedience. Let it be your care, holy father, to co-operate with him in his labours, so that the monastery you have founded may be quickly provided with the full complement of buildings and other necessaries.

"One more suggestion I will offer to your paternity. It is that you should employ your influence to persuade young men of exemplary life and such as may be expected to prove worthy religious to enter the community. People will readily follow your counsel, and so you will promote most effectually the interests of the house.

"Farewell, holy father, and remember me in Christ."

Mellifont Abbey was completed in due time. How solidly it was built, how beautifully and capaciously, can be estimated from the portions that have survived

the ravages of time and the vandalism of human wreckers. And it had need to be capacious to accommodate the crowds of postulants that came knocking at its door. The consecration of the abbey church in 1157 was an event of national importance. No such ceremony had been witnessed ever before in Ireland. Gelasius, the primate, officiated. Christian, now bishop of Lismore and legate of the Holy See, was present with seventeen other members of the Irish episcopate and a number of abbots. The Ard Ri, Murtough O'Loughlin, attended in state, surrounded by the flower of the nobility. On this occasion the princely O'Carrol added considerably to the abbey's original endowment: sixty ounces of gold he placed in the hands of Abbot Malchus, brother and successor to Christian, and the one-time sinner of Bangor. His example was followed by the other princes present. King Murtough, with royal munificence, made an offering of sixty ounces of gold, one hundred and forty cows, and a townland in the neighbourhood of Drogheda. Tighernan O'Rourke's faithless wife, Devorgilla, the Irish Helen, gave a gold chalice for the high altar and costly furniture for the nine other altars of the church. She greatly loved the monks and their beautiful abbey. Hither she came in after years to do penance for the scandal she had been guilty of, and here she was laid to rest at last in 1193, more sinned against, perhaps, than sinning. Her paramour, also, Diarmuid MacMurrough, found a grave in a Cistercian abbey, Baltinglass, which he had most generously endowed.

Mellifont continued to prosper down to the year 1539, when one hundred and fifty monks with their abbot, Richard Contour, were driven forth from its sheltering walls by order of Henry VIII. The home which they loved so well and had made so beautiful, became the residence of the Moore family, implacable enemies of their religion and race. And it was here the illustrious Hugh O'Neill made his final surrender to the English power on March 24th, 1602. Thus the history of Mellifont, from its foundation to its fall, epitomises in a sense the history of Ireland.

During the first ten years of its existence, Mellifont became the mother of six flourishing filiations: Bective (*de Beatitudine*) in the diocese of Meath, Boyle (*de Buellio*) in the diocese of Elphin, Newry (*de Viridi Ligno*) in the diocese of Dromore, Baltinglass (*de Valle Salutis*) in the diocese of Leighlin, Nenay (*de Magio*) in the diocese of Limerick, and SS. Peter and Benedict's near Athlone. Of these, Baltinglass merits particular mention on account of Albin O'Molloy, one of its first abbots. This fearless and patriotic prelate has a strong claim to the gratitude of the Irish people and more especially of the Irish priesthood, for it was he that vindicated their honour against unscrupulous slanderers of the type of Cambrensis; and at the provincial council held in Dublin under Norman auspices in 1186 he compelled King Henry's own nominees to acknowledge publicly that the Norman invaders found no immorality in Ireland save such as they brought over with them.

There were forty-six Cistercian monasteries in

Ireland at the time of the Dissolution, all of them (except Tintern in Co. Wexford) of the Clairvaux line; and at least two Cistercian convents, one in Down, the other in Derry. How much the country was indebted to them in matters temporal as well as spiritual has been eloquently told by the late Archbishop Healy. They taught the people to love the beauty of God's house and the magnificence of the Church's ritual; they gave new inspiration and a new impulse to agriculture and the allied arts and crafts, and showed what could be done by organization. The Cistercians also did much to level down the walls of separation between the classes, thus meriting to be considered the heralds of democracy. The spectacle so often witnessed of noble and peasant working side by side in field or forest could not fail to produce a profound impression on the minds of the people, and so conduced to a higher appreciation of honest toil.

"Moreover, every abbey had its own school for the younger members of the community. . . . The youth of the neighbourhood were also admitted to these monastic schools and received such education as they needed. The monastery had a technical as well as a literary school, and above all it was an agricultural school for all the country round. Irish agriculture, such as it is, owes much to the Cistercians. They reclaimed and renewed the land; they raised abundant crops; they made their fields the greenest and the most fertile in the whole country. They are still to be seen—those fertile fields—now in the hands of the stranger, often reclaimed from the brake and

morass by the unceasing labour of the monks. The Celts were not great agriculturists; they were rather a pastoral people. The Cistercians were their best teachers in showing how to till the soil extensively and successfully.

"But the Cistercian monastery was much more than a technical school and agricultural college. It did all the work of a poor-house, a dispensary, and a hotel, for the surrounding country. The monks were not all physicians, but many of them were highly skilled in the medical science of the time, and gave the benefit of their advice, not only to their own brethren, but to all the sick of the neighbourhood, to whom both medicine and medical advice were freely and gratuitously dispensed whenever needed. They had not all the drugs you will find in a modern dispensary, and perhaps that was so much the better; but they had the simple remedies such as you sometimes need yourselves; and they were generally found to be efficacious, for many of the monks were excellent botanists, and it is said the herbs of the field have a remedy for every disease if we could only find them out.

"Then the monastic hospice was a home for every traveller, where in fact he might stay as long as he pleased, and where he was in no trouble about the bill. If he gave a donation for the poor, well and good; if not, he might depart as freely as he came. At the door of the hospice the poor of the neighbourhood were always welcome. All the surplus food was distributed to them daily according to their needs, and the monks would sooner go hungry them-

selves than see the poor go hungry from their door.

"It is easy to see what an enormous influence for good such institutions must have exercised throughout all Ireland.

"A great Cistercian monastery was in every respect a perfectly self-sufficing institution. First of all, every large house had its own staff of tradesmen amongst the brotherhood—masons, carpenters, stonecutters, painters, and so forth; and each of these trades had its own foreman. The *Annals,* for instance, record the death of the foreman or master-mason of Boyle. For these abbeys, besides their own buildings, when they became wealthy, had large outlying farms called granges, where the buildings also required to be kept in repair. It was easy enough, therefore, when a new house was to be founded, for the Order to send a full staff of tradesmen to do the work, it was easy to feed them, and materials were abundant, so that comparatively little money was required. Then all these men did their work, not for money but for God, and hence they did it so thoroughly, so grandly, so beautifully, that their labour in those far-off days still puts to shame even the greatest achievements of our boasted civilisation. Besides, the community produced everything that was needed for itself. They had food—ample food—from their own fields, gardens, and orchards; they had fish from their own streams; they had wool for their habits from their own sheep, and they spun, wove and wrought it themselves, for they were their own tailors and shoemakers. They had their own mills,

too; they ground their own corn and baked their own bread.

"And at last when the end came, and Henry first and then Elizabeth, decreed that the Cistercians should fall, they fell nobly." [1] Of their beautiful abbeys naught now remains save crumbling ruins and vague traditions. But these ruins still bear witness to the zeal, the taste and the generosity of the men who built them, and to the vandalism of those who pulled them down.

From what has been said above, the reader must not infer that the Cistercian Order is or ever was a philanthropic institution, founded to ameliorate social conditions or to advance the interests of education. It has indeed rendered signal service in these ways, but temporal advantages, no matter how important, it has never pursued as its primary end. Its primary end is and always has been nothing else than the glory of God through the salvation and sanctification of its members, and the edification of the people. It was for this St. Malachy brought the Cistercians to Ireland; and if they contributed here, as they undoubtedly did, to the material well-being of the nation also, that was *per accidens* and in so far as such social service was regarded as a means to their spiritual aims.

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[1] Healy, *Papers and Addresses—Cistercians in Ireland.*

CHAPTER IX

MALACHY PREDICTS THE PLACE AND TIME OF HIS DEATH—EXTRICATED FROM A DIFFICULTY—DETAINED IN ENGLAND—CLAIRVAUX AGAIN—ILLNESS AND DEATH—MIRACLE AFTER DEATH—BERNARD'S LETTER TO IRISH COMMUNITIES—MALACHY'S RELICS

IN the second last chapter of his biography, St. Bernard presents us with a little scene which, if otherwise interesting, has this interest also, that it shows us better than any description could have done in what happy, intimate relations Malachy lived with his monks. We shall give it in the illustrious Abbot's own words.

"Being once asked where, if given his choice, he would prefer to breathe his last, the holy Bishop hesitated and was unwilling to reply. But when pressed by his disciples (the monks of Bangor, presumably, or else those of Mellifont), who had been asking and answering the same question amongst themselves, he said at length: 'If I am destined to die here in my own native land, nowhere should I so willingly await the resurrection as in the place where our national apostle lies buried'—by the national apostle he meant St. Patrick. 'But if death is to find me outside of Ireland, in that case I have made choice of Clairvaux.' To the further question as to what day he would select for his exit, he answered that he should like to pass hence on the

solemnity of All Souls. If we consider these words as mere expressions of his wishes, they were exactly realised; if as predictions, not a single iota failed of fulfilment. 'As we have heard, so have we seen' (*Ps.* xlvii, 9) with regard both to the place and to the time."

Malachy, it will be remembered, received a definite promise from Innocent II that the coveted palls would be granted when solemnly applied for. But before he found himself in a position to claim the fulfilment of that promise the pontiff who gave it had gone to give an account of his stewardship, September 24th, 1143. The two succeeding pontificates, that of Celestine II (1143-1144) and that of Lucius II (1144-1145), were of too short duration to afford him the opportunity he wanted. In 1145 Eugenius III ascended the pontifical throne. He was a Cistercian monk who had had Christian and the other young Irishmen for his brother-novices in Clairvaux, and used to tend the common stove in that monastery. Banished from Rome by Arnold of Brescia, the Cistercian pope, after a brief sojourn in Viterbo, migrated to France in 1147. In September of the same year he presided over the General Chapter of his Order at Citeaux, and visited Clairvaux the following year after the Council of Rheims. Malachy, being informed that the pontiff was in France, considered this a golden opportunity to make application for the palls, "for he thought he might presume on the good-will of Eugenius; it seemed to him that his request must be readily granted by a pope of such noble personal qualities, who was besides a member

of the Cistercian Order and, above all, a specially beloved son of Clairvaux."

So, conformably to the instructions received from Pope Innocent, he convoked a National Council early in 1148. Inispatrick, now called Patrick's Island, off Skerries, Co. Dublin, was chosen as the place of assembly. Fifteen bishops and two hundred priests took part in the deliberations. The first three days were occupied in " establishing rules and morals for all, both clergy and laity." [1] On the fourth day the question of applying for the palls came up for discussion. The synodists fell in with Malachy's views, but desired that the application should be made, not through him, but through some other, because they feared the journey would be too much for him. However, as he urged and insisted, pleading that the journey would be now so much shorter and consequently so much the less fatiguing, they at last allowed him to have his way. He began his preparations immediately. Saint Bernard does not say from what port he left Ireland, but the context points to Bangor. For we are told the community desired to escort him to the coast and that he forbade it, only permitting a few to bear him and his travelling companions company as far as the water's edge.

Amongst the few thus privileged was a monk named Catholicus. At the moment of parting, " with tearful eyes and tremulous voice he addressed himself to Malachy in this way : ' Alas, my father,

[1] *Annals of the Four Masters;* under same year (1148) it is noted that Malachy consecrated the church of Cnoc-na-Seangan.

are you then going to leave us? And although well aware to what almost daily afflictions you are abandoning me, you have no compassion on my misery. Perhaps my sins deserve such treatment. Yet what have my brethren done that they should be condemned to the weary work of watching and guarding me day and night without respite?' And the poor fellow wept. Such words and sobs went straight to the Bishop's fatherly heart. He embraced the brother affectionately, and signing his breast with the sign of the Cross, answered: 'Rest assured, my child, that you shall not be troubled again until my return.' This Catholicus—continues St. Bernard—was an epileptic, subject to frequent fits, sometimes several in the same day. At that time he had been for six years a victim to the dreadful malady. Yet at Malachy's word he was perfectly cured. From that hour to this he has suffered no new attack, and, as I hope, will enjoy the same immunity for the future, because he shall wait in vain for Malachy's return.

"Just as the holy Bishop was embarking, two of his brethren approached with the request that he would grant them a favour. 'What is it you desire?' he asked them. 'Nay, you shall not hear,' answered they, 'until you first promise to grant it.' So he gave the promise. Then they said: 'We want an assurance from your paternity that you will come back safe to Ireland.' The rest of the company united with them in this prayer. Malachy deliberated in silence for some moments, very sorry now that he had pledged himself, and seeing no way out of the

predicament. He found himself sorely embarrassed, with no other choice but either to violate his engagement or to forfeit the wish of his heart. At length he made up his mind to choose that alternative which at the time was the more urgent and to leave the rest to the disposition of Divine Providence. He therefore acceded to the request of his disciples, yet sadly and only because he was unwilling to grieve them. So, having given them the desired assurance, he went on board."

The Abbot of Clairvaux proceeds to inform us how Divine Providence interposed to extricate Malachy from the difficulty in which he had placed himself.

"The good ship had completed about half her watery way, when lo! a violent storm sprung up and she was driven back again to the Irish coast. Malachy went ashore and spent the night in one of his own churches that stood close to the harbour. Filled with holy joy, he gave thanks to God Whose Providence had enabled him to keep his promise without prejudice to his hope. Early next morning he re-embarked and, after a prosperous voyage, landed on the coast of Scotland."

Father O'Laverty's investigations enable us to identify the very place in which Malachy's ship took refuge from the storm, a point near Blackcauseway in the Bay of Strangford. Close by stood the chapel of Ballyculter, one of those belonging to Malachy's monastery at Saul or Downpatrick. This was evidently the chapel in which the Saint passed his last night in Ireland.

We may assume that on this occasion also the

Saint's landing-place in Scotland was Cairngarroch, especially as it is said that he reached Greenpool—now called Soulseat—about eight miles from this port, on the third day after leaving the homeland. At Soulseat he had already caused preparations to be made for the foundation of a new Cistercian monastery. He left there a colony of monks whom he had brought over with him from Ireland; and appointed for them an abbot, none other than the cleric whom he had cured from dysentery at Bangor some twenty-five years before.

" After leaving Greenpool, he was met by David, king of Scotland, who received him with great joy. He spent some days with the monarch, during which he accomplished much for the glory of God, and then resumed his journey. Passing through Scotland, he visited the church of Gisburn on the English border, where certain religious men lived under a canonical rule of life, and had long been known to him by the repute of their piety and regular observance. There he healed a woman who was brought to him suffering from a disease commonly called cancer, and reduced to a most frightful condition. The cure was wrought by sprinkling the affected parts with water blessed by Malachy. This relieved the pain at once, and on the following day the ulcers had all but disappeared. Proceeding thence, he came to the English coast, but was not allowed to take passage to France. The reason of this, if I mistake not, was a quarrel between the pope and the English king, Stephen, and a suspicion entertained by the latter of some evil consequences to himself if Malachy were

permitted to cross over to the Continent. Indeed, no bishop was suffered to cross from England to France at this time. The resulting delay, although contrary to our Pilgrim's present will and desire, was not really opposed to his primary purpose. And he lamented as an obstacle to his hope what was in truth actually conducive to its realisation. For had he secured an immediate passage, he should have to hasten into Italy after the pontiff, with no opportunity of turning aside to visit Clairvaux, because Eugenius had now quitted France, and was already in Rome or near it."

King Stephen had a grudge against Pope Eugenius, who at the Council of Paris, 1147, deposed his nephew, St. William, from the archiepiscopal see of York, as Eugenius's predecessor had deprived the king's brother, Henry of Winchester, of the legatine office. These are the causes of Stephen's ill-humour with Rome which St. Bernard, presumably, had in mind. But the king had other reasons for preventing Malachy's passage to the Continent. Henry I of England (+1135), with the consent of the nobles, bequeathed his crown to his daughter, Matilda, who had married the German emperor, Henry V, and was now a widow. When the empress arrived in England to claim her inheritance, she found it usurped by her cousin, Stephen de Blois. In the civil war which resulted, King David of Scotland took sides with his niece, Matilda, and gave Stephen no end of trouble. At the time of Malachy's appearance in England, the empress had retired into Normandy: she had taken as her second husband Geoffrey,

Count of Anjou. Now it is very easy to understand why King Stephen should regard with suspicion a prelate journeying into France from the court of King David. In 1151, for the same reason, he stopped Cardinal Paparo, on his way to Ireland with the long-delayed palls, so that the cardinal had to go back to Rome, and reached Ireland by another route. And in 1180 his successor and Matilda's son, Henry II, treated another Irish saint and legate, St. Laurence O'Toole, in just the same way, for the same kind of political reasons. Malachy arrived in France alone; his companions got separated from him during the delay in England, and only rejoined him at Clairvaux.

We are now about to contemplate the last and most beautiful scene in Malachy's beautiful life. It is a holy land where nothing defiled should enter. We shall, therefore, yield place to St. Bernard in what remains of our task.

"The royal prohibition, by delaying his crossing from England, concurred in bringing him opportunely to the appointed place and time of his holy death. And although he came to us from the West, we received him as a true 'Orient from on high visiting us' (*Luke* i, 78). Oh, what a flood of splendour did that radiant sun pour out upon our Clairvaux! How joyous a festivity did his advent inaugurate! 'That indeed was a day which the Lord hath made' (*Ps.* cxvii, 24) and 'we were glad and rejoiced therein' (*ibid.*). All weak and tottering though I was, with what a brisk and bounding step I hurried out to meet my guest! How eagerly I

rushed to embrace him! With what happy arms I clasped to my bosom the heaven-sent grace vouchsafed me! With what an exulting heart and countenance I led you, my father, into the house of my mother, into the chamber of her who bore me! (*Cant.* iii, 4). What festive days we passed together, all too few, alas! And on his side, how did he, our Pilgrim, show himself towards us? How, but genial, and affable, and indescribably amiable to all! Oh, 'how good and how pleasant' (*Ps.* cxxxii, 1) a guest he made himself amongst those he had come to visit from the ends of the earth! Yet he came not, as of old the queen of Saba, to hear a Solomon (III *Kings* x, 1) but rather to exhibit a Solomon in his own person. For we have heard his wisdom; we have enjoyed and do still in spirit enjoy the sweet delights of his conversation.

"Four or five days of this gladsome festivity of his presence amongst us had already passed by, when behold! on the feast of St. Luke the Evangelist, October 18th, after celebrating the Holy Mysteries in the church with his usual devotion, he fell sick of a fever and was obliged to take to his bed. The illness which struck him down prostrated all of us with him. Thus 'mourning taketh hold of the end of joy' (*Prov.* xiv, 13). Still our sorrow was not excessive, for the fever did not appear to be dangerous. Then might you see the brethren bustling about, eager to give, eager to receive. The very sight of the sick man was a source of consolation to all. But sweeter still was it to wait upon him. And both to see and serve him were as salutary as consoling. To minister

to him was for all of us a labour of love, yea, an occasion of spiritual profit, since it was rewarded with an infusion of heavenly grace. All stood around him. All were ' busy with much serving ' (*Luke* x, 40), preparing medicines, applying lenitives, with frequent invitations to take nourishment. But Malachy said : ' You are troubling yourself to no purpose. Nevertheless, I will do as you bid me.' He spoke in this manner, because he knew the hour of his departure was at hand.

" The brethren who had accompanied him from Ireland insisted with him, in their over-confidence, that there was no need to despair of recovery, since as yet no symptoms of death had appeared. He answered simply : ' It is necessary that Malachy's soul should leave the body this year,' adding after a while : ' Behold, the day is now approaching whereon, as you know, I have always wished to die. ' I know Whom I have believed and I am certain ' (II *Tim.* i, 1) that, having already obtained a part, I shall not be defrauded of the rest of my desire. He Whose gracious Providence has brought me to the place of my choice will not refuse me the further favour longed for with equal ardour, viz., the happiness of ending my days here. With regard to my body, therefore, ' this is my rest for ever and ever, here will I dwell because I have chosen it ' (*Ps.* xvi, 7). God will provide for my soul, ' Who saveth them that hope in Him ' (*Ps.* xvi, 7). And it is no small hope that is laid up for me in that hallowed day on which the dead receive so much assistance from the living.' The day alluded to, the day of the Commemoration

of All Souls, November 2nd, was not far distant when these words were spoken.

" Meantime he asked to be anointed. The whole community were about to proceed to his bedside in processional order for the solemn administration of the Last Sacraments, but he would not suffer this. Rather he must needs come down to us from the upper chamber where he lay. So he received Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum in the church, commending himself to the prayers of the brethren, and the brethren to God. He then returned to his bed. As he had walked down to the church without assistance from his remote room at the top of the house, so now without assistance he walked back again. Nevertheless he assured us that death was at hand. Who would believe that he was dying? None but God and himself could have known it. His face did not appear paler or more haggard than usual. The brow was not furrowed, nor the eyes sunken, nor the nose sharpened, nor the lips contracted, nor the teeth dry and discoloured, nor the neck pinched and attenuated, nor did any part of his body exhibit unusual leanness. There was the same symmetry and grace of form, the same beauty of feature and expression, unimpaired even by death's approach. As in life, so did he appear in death, there being nothing to indicate any change.

" To this point have I run in my narrative. But here I must pause and hesitate, because Malachy has completed his course. He has come to a stand-still, and I have no choice but to stand with him. For who would willingly hasten to speak about death? Your

death, especially, O blessed father, who would be in a hurry to speak about? And who would wish to be told of it? As for me, having loved him in life, in death I shall not be separated from him. My brethren, let us not now forsake the dead whose living presence it gave us so much delight to honour. From remotest Hibernia he hastened hither to die in our midst. 'Let us go and die with him' (*John* xi, 16). Still, I cannot help speaking of that death which I could not help witnessing.

"Well, it is the feast of All Saints, celebrated with such pomp and splendour throughout the whole world. But, as it is written: 'Music in mourning is like a tale out of time' (*Ecclus.* xxii, 6). We attend in choir as usual. We try to sing the customary anthems, though the effort costs us much. We weep as we sing and we sing as we weep. Malachy joins neither in our music nor in our mourning. Why indeed should he sorrow who is hastening to bliss? But for us who must remain behind there is nothing left but lamentation. Malachy alone keeps holiday. And what he cannot do externally he does in spirit, according to what is said: 'The thought of man shall give praise to Thee, O Lord, and the remainders of the thought shall keep holiday to Thee' (*Ps.* lxxv, 11). As the bodily faculties fail him, and the material tongue is hushed in silence, and the voice ceases to perform its functions, it only remains for him to keep holiday with the jubilee of his mind. Why should he not be festive who is so soon to be admitted to the everlasting festivity of the Saints? He now pays them

the honour which shall soon be paid to himself, for yet a little time, and Malachy shall be numbered with the blessed.

" At the close of day, when we have celebrated the solemnity as best we could, it becomes manifest that the holy Bishop is approaching, not indeed the dusk of evening, but the dawning of eternal day. Is not this moment as the dawn to him when ' the night is passed and the day is at hand ' ? (*Rom.* xiii, 12). As the fever increases in intensity, a hot perspiration breaks out all over his body, so that, like the Psalmist, he is in a manner being ' brought to refreshment through fire and water ' (*Ps.* lxv, 12). We are now in despair of his recovery. Now everyone reverses his previous judgment, and no doubt remains that Malachy's prediction is about to be justified by the event. We are summoned to his bedside. Lifting up his eyes, he looks upon us as we stand around him. Then he whispers : ' With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you (*Luke* xxii, 15). I give thanks to the Divine Goodness that I am not defrauded of that desire.' Behold here a man confident under the very shadow of death, and, ere yet departed, secure of life ! And small wonder. Perceiving the approach of that long-looked for night, and the brightness of dawn breaking upon him from the gloom, as if triumphing over death and the darkness thereof he seems to say : Now I shall sing no longer, ' Perhaps the obscurity shall cover me ' (*Ps.* cxxxviii, 11), no, because ' this night shall be my light in my pleasures ' (*ibid.*). Then sweetly consoling me, he goes on : ' Be

mindful of me, and I will remember you, if it be permitted, as it shall be. I have believed in God, and ' to him that believeth all things are possible ' (*Mark* ix, 22). I have loved God and I have loved you, and ' charity never falleth away ' (I *Cor.* xiii, 8). Having said this, he raises his eyes to heaven and prays thus: ' O God, keep them in Thy name (*John* xvii. 11), and not them only, but all those who through my word or ministry have consecrated themselves to Thy service.' With these words, he lays hands on each of us, blesses us one by one, and orders us to return to rest, as his hour has not yet come.

" We retire, but are recalled about midnight. For at this hour it is announced that a light has begun to glimmer through the darkness. The sick-room is crowded, as the whole community are assembled. There are also present several abbots who happen to be on a visit to Clairvaux. ' With psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles ' (*Col.* iii, 16) we escort our friend on his way home from the land of his exile. So in the fifty-fourth year of his age, at the place and time he had himself predicted, Malachy, Bishop and Legate of the Holy See, was taken up from my arms by the angels of God and blissfully slept in the Lord.

" And surely that was but a slumber. The peaceful expression of the countenance indicated a peaceful passage. Although the eyes of all were fixed upon him, nobody could tell at what moment he expired. When dead he was thought to be still alive, and to be already dead whilst living. So little was there to distinguish the one state from the other. There

was the old buoyant serenity of expression, as if he were but asleep, and to all appearance rather enhanced than diminished by the presence of death. Unchanged in himself, he changed us all, for by a most marvellous transformation our grief was suddenly converted into gladness, and our mournful lamentations into hymns of joy. Amidst such jubilant canticles the corpse is borne forth on the shoulders of the abbots and down to the church. We are celebrating, not ordinary funeral rites, but the victory of faith and the triumph of charity. There is no excitement, no confusion; everything is calm and decorous; everything proceeds in due order.

"And in truth what reason could there be in immoderate grief for Malachy, as if his death were not precious in the sight of the Lord (*Ps.* cxv, 15), as if it were not less death than slumber, as if not rather a deliverance from death and a door leading to immortal life? Malachy 'our friend sleepeth' (*John* xi, 11), and shall I give way to sadness? Not in reason but only in custom can such grief find justification. Ought I to sorrow for him whom sorrow can touch never more? He keeps a jubilee, he celebrates a triumph, he has been admitted 'into the joy of his Lord' (*Matt.* xxv, 21), and am I to mourn for him? No, the happiness I desire for myself I must not envy my friend.

"But meanwhile we prepare for the obsequies. The Holy Sacrifice is offered up for his eternal repose, and everything is carried out according to usage and with the greatest devotion. At some distance from the remains was standing a boy with a paralysed arm,

which hung from his shoulder more a hindrance than a help to him. As soon as I discovered his presence, I beckoned him to approach. Then taking hold of his withered hand I touched it to Malachy's and instantly it was cured. For the grace of healing still lived in that holy corpse; the Bishop's hand was to the hand of the boy what the bones of Eliseus were of old to the body brought for burial (IV *Kings* xiii, 21). That boy had come from a distant place. He now returned home with the arm, which he had brought hanging helplessly at his side, perfectly restored to health and vigour.

" When the last rites were all accomplished, the sacred remains were interred in Our Lady's chapel where Malachy had loved to pray, on November 2nd, in the year of grace 1148. That holy body is now Thy possession, O good Jesus, entrusted to our care. It is Thy treasure, deposited with us. We shall keep it safe for Thee and restore it whenever Thou thinkest well to demand it back. Only grant that Thy servant may not go forth to meet Thee at Thy coming without us, his companions, and that, as he shared our hospitality here, so may we share in his glory hereafter and reign with Thee and him for ever and ever. Amen." So ends St. Bernard's biography.

Geoffrey of Auxerre, Bernard's secretary and successor, adds some interesting details to the above account of Malachy's obsequies. Whilst the body was being washed, according to monastic custom, Bernard appropriated his friend's tunic, putting his own in its place. So Malachy was buried in Bernard's robe, and Bernard kept the holy Bishop's

as a priceless relic, wearing it at the altar on great solemnities and purposing to carry it with him to the grave—which in fact he did. During the solemn Mass of Requiem on the day of Malachy's funeral a strange thing occurred. Bernard, of course, was celebrant. Everything passed off as usual until after the Communion. Then to the astonishment of all present, the holy Abbot sang, instead of the prayer for the dead, the Post-Communion for Confessor Pontiffs: "O God, Who hast made the blessed Bishop Malachy equal in merits to Thy saints, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who celebrate the feast of his holy death, may also imitate the example of his life." As soon as Mass was over, he went and reverently kissed the feet of the corpse. But, adds Geoffrey, although often interrogated, he never explained the reason of his strange behaviour. People took it for granted that he acted in accordance with a vision vouchsafed him, or some sudden inspiration.

Knowing how the Irish communities would grieve over the loss of their illustrious Patron, Bernard took it upon himself to console them. He therefore addressed to them the following letter:—

"To his religious brethren in Ireland, and especially to the communities established there by Bishop Malachy of blessed memory, Bernard, styled Abbot of Clairvaux.

"Brethren, had we here 'a lasting city' (*Heb.* xiii, 4) we might well lament, and with abundant tears, the loss of so noble a fellow-

citizen as Bishop Malachy. And though we rather 'seek one that is to come' (*ibid.*), as indeed we are bound to, we have still in truth no slight cause for sorrow in the removal of so necessary a guide. Nevertheless, the assurance we have from faith ought to temper the poignancy of our grief, and assured hope moderate its violence. No one need be surprised if occasionally a sob breaks forth from the wounded heart, if occasionally the sense of desolation forces a tear from the troubled eyes. But we must try to keep such manifestations within due bounds; yea, rather we have no little cause to feel consoled 'while we consider not the things which are seen but the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal' (II *Cor.* iv, 18).

"First of all, then, we ought to congratulate Malachy on the bliss he has attained, lest otherwise he should reproach us with want of charity, and say to us as the Lord to His disciples: 'If you loved me you would indeed be glad, because I have gone to the Father' (*John* xiv, 28). Yea, brethren, the spirit of our father, Malachy, has gone before us to the presence of 'the Father of spirits' (*Heb.* xii, 9); and we shall be proved to be wanting not alone in charity, but equally in gratitude for all the many benefits we have received through him, if we do not rejoice with our benefactor who has passed from labour to repose, from peril to security, 'from this world to the Father' (*John* xiii, 1). Therefore, if filial piety prompts us to weep for Malachy dead, the same filial piety should prompt us, and with

greater urgency, to rejoice with Malachy living. Is he not living? Undoubtedly, and living in bliss. 'In the sight of the unwise he seemed to die and his departure was taken for misery, and his going away from us for utter destruction: but he is in peace' (*Wisdom* iii, 2).

"In the next place, the consideration of our own advantage ought to provide us with another motive for joy and exultation: that so powerful a patron, so faithful an advocate, has gone before us to plead our cause at the heavenly court, a father whose burning charity can never suffer him to forget his children and whose well-proved sanctity must find favour with God. Who would be so rash as to suppose that the blessed Malachy has now less love for his own than in life, or less power to assist them? He was indeed loved of God during his life on earth, but now we may be certain he has received more manifest proofs of the divine predilection. As for himself, 'having loved his own who were in the world, he loved them unto the end' (*John* xiii, 1). God forbid that we should consider your prayers less efficacious now, O blessed soul, when in the very presence of the Divine Majesty you can be more instant in supplication, when you no longer 'walk by faith' (II *Cor.* v, 7), but are crowned already with the vision of glory! God forbid that your charity, heretofore so full of energy, should be thought less ardent now, not to speak of its being utterly extinct, when, having arrived at the very fountain of eternal charity, you are drinking copious draughts of that divine love, the smallest drops of which you so

thirsted after on earth! No, Malachy's love could not be vanquished by death because it was 'strong as death' (*Cant.* viii, 6), yea, stronger than death. For even at the moment of his departure hence he was not unmindful of you, his Irish children, but with tenderest affection commended you to God, and also with his usual sweetness and humility besought me, unworthy as I am, not to forget you for ever. Therefore I have thought it well to write to you, and to let you know that we are ready with all good-will to minister to you whatever spiritual consolation our poverty may be able to command through the merits of our blessed father, and temporal assistance, too, according to our means.

"And here I should also like to express to you, most dearly beloved, my profound sympathy with the Irish Church in this her sad bereavement. And our compassion for you is all the greater because—as I freely acknowledge—what has been such an affliction to you has made us more than ever your debtors. For 'the Lord hath done great things for us' (*Ps.* cxxv, 3) in that He has vouchsafed to honour our abbey by making it the scene of so holy a death, and to enrich it besides with the priceless treasure of Malachy's body. I pray you, brethren, take it not amiss that your blessed father lies buried amongst us; for so it has been ordained by God 'according to the multitude of His tender mercies' (*Ps.* cv, 45): that you should have him in life and that we should have him even after death. For he was and remains the common father of us all, and this favour he confirmed to us at his death as by a last will and

testament. Wherefore, for the sake of so noble a father, we embrace you all as our true brothers in Christ and with all the affection of our hearts; and our spiritual relationship encourages us to believe that you on your side entertain the like fraternal sentiments in our regard.

"Finally, I exhort you, dearest brethren, to be careful to walk always in the footsteps of our holy father, and that the more exactly inasmuch as daily intercourse with him has given you opportunities for observing more closely the sanctity of his life. For in this especially you will prove yourselves his true children, if you courageously follow the path he has traced out for you; and if, as you have learned from his words and example 'how you ought to walk, so also you walk, that you may abound the more' (I *Thess.* iv, 1). Remember that a father's glory is the wisdom of his sons (*Prov.* x, 1).

"Even I myself had begun in earnest to shake off my usual sloth and tepidity, and to acquire some little fervour, owing to the presence in our midst of such a model of perfection. God grant that he may still continue so to draw us after him by the sweet odour of his virtues as to make us run on in his footsteps, even unto the end of our course, with ever greater zeal and alacrity.

"Pray for us, brethren, and may Jesus Christ protect you all."

The Four Masters record Malachy's death under year 1148 in the following terms:—

"Malachias, *i.e.*, Maelmaedhog Ua Morgair,

Archbishop of the Chair of Patrick, chief head of the west of Europe, Legate of the successor of Peter, the only head whom the Irish and the foreigners obeyed, chief paragon of wisdom and piety, a brilliant lamp which illumined territories and churches by preaching and good works, faithful shepherd of the Church in general—after having ordained bishops and priests, and clerics of every degree, after having consecrated many churches and cemeteries, after having performed every ecclesiastical work throughout Ireland, after having bestowed jewels and food upon the mighty and the needy, after having founded churches and monasteries (for by him was repaired in Ireland every church which had been consigned to decay and neglect, and they had been neglected from time remote), after leaving every rule and every good moral in the churches of Ireland in general, after having been the second time in the legateship (?), after having been fourteen years in the primacy, and after the fifty-fourth year of his age, resigned his spirit to heaven on the second day of November; and the Church celebrates the feast and solemnity of St. Malachias on the third day, it having been changed by the seniors from the feast day of All Souls to the day after, in order that he may be the more easily revered and honoured; and he was buried in the monastery of St. Bernard, at Clairvaux, in France, with honour and veneration."

In the *Life of St. Bernard* written by Geoffrey of Auxerre, it is said that a short time after the holy

Abbot's death (1153) he appeared in glory to one of his religious, and proclaimed the sanctity of the Irish Bishop whose body was interred in the monastic church and in whose tunic he himself had been buried.

Malachy was solemnly canonised by Pope Clement III on July 6th, 1190. The pontiff addressed the bull of canonisation to the Cistercian General Chapter, at whose request it was issued. He was the first Irish saint raised to the honours of the altar in this formal way. The following is a translation of the prayer used for his office in the Cistercian liturgy: "O God, Who didst sweetly unite the blessed Bishop Malachy to our most holy father, Bernard, by the bonds of true charity, mercifully grant that we may avoid with caution all evil companionship and long without ceasing for the sacred friendships of Thy heavenly court."

We have seen that Malachy's remains were interred in the Lady Chapel at Clairvaux. Mabillion further informs us that his tomb lay under an arch in the apse, at the right of the place where his friend St. Bernard was laid to rest in 1153. Some authors, as Ware in his *Archbishops of Armagh*, have asserted that the relics of our Saint were brought across to Ireland in the year 1194 and distributed here amongst the Cistercian abbeys. The assertion is quite gratuitous, even contrary to known fact. Manriquez tells us [1] that in 1191 there was a solemn translation of Malachy's remains and

[1] *Annales Cistercienses* ad annos 1191 and 1194.

that three years later, at the petition of Matthew, legate of the Holy See and archbishop of Cashel, and Melissa, bishop of Clogher—both members of the Cistercian Order—some small portions were sent to Ireland and "received by the community of Mellifont and the other Cistercian houses with the greatest honour." As the bones of the holy Bishop had been transferred, enclosed in a leaden coffin, from their original resting-place in the Lady Chapel to the choir of the great church some years before 1191, the translation referred to by Manriquez must have been that in which the sacred relics were finally deposited in the magnificent mausoleum prepared for them in front of the High Altar. This monument, like that to St. Bernard placed behind it, was of red marble, with an altar dedicated to the Saint in front. Richly decorated though they were, neither monument had any ornaments of silver or gold. Before the tomb of the Irish Bishop three silver lamps perpetually burned; they were the gift of Robert Bruce, the hero-king of Scotland, who could not forget the relations between his predecessor on the throne, David I, and St. Malachy. An estate called Osticroft was set aside for the maintenance of the lamps.[1] Some time between 1330 and 1348 the skulls of SS. Malachy and Bernard were enshrined in richly-jewelled silver reliquaries. These reliquaries were bust-shaped and represented the features of the Saints in so life-like a manner that Meglinger, who saw them in 1667, tells us he was

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[1] Cf. *Scott's Lore* for March, 1895, p. 453.

struck dumb with astonishment and gazed at the wonderful images half-expecting to hear them speak.

Malachy's tomb remained a centre of pious interest down to 1792. In that year the abbey of Clairvaux was secularised and put up for auction by the republican government of France. Thus the home of St. Bernard and his children for almost seven hundred years passed into the hands of a gentleman named Pierre-Claude Canson. This enterprising citizen designed to convert the monastic church into a glass factory. Finding the tombs of SS. Malachy, Bernard, Eutropius, Zozima, and Bonosa in the way, he applied to the civil authorities for permission to have them removed. The permission was given; the government ordered the bones to be exhumed and re-buried in the parish cemetery, and sent an architect to see to the execution of their order. This architect, who seems to have been either less bigoted or more prudent than his employers, caused the tombs to be opened and the bones taken out in the presence of an immense throng; but observing the devotion of the people, he decided not to send the relics to the common cemetery until he had explained the situation to the authorities. The government, on his recommendation, allowed the sacred remains to be transferred, in three wooden boxes, to the church of Ville-sous-la Ferté, on May 8th, 1793. But the mausoleums were pulled down, and the marble with the leaden coffins sold by auction for the benefit of the republic.

Another government official who witnessed the opening of the tombs and coffins, M. Delaine,

administrator of the Directory of Bar-sur-Aube, has left us the following report :—

" In 1793, being then administrator of the Directory of the district of Bar-sur-Aube, I assisted with three of my colleagues at the opening of certain tombs in the abbey church of Clairvaux, where a glass factory was about to be established. In the tomb of St. Bernard was a leaden coffin containing bones representing the skeleton of a man, from which the skull had been removed. These bones were wrapt up in a shroud of fine linen, but little discoloured, which was itself enveloped in a piece of cloth composed of silk and wool. Another tomb, that of St. Malachy, also contained a leaden coffin, enclosing the entire skeleton of a man, with all the teeth. In these tombs, which were of marble, we found rolls of parchment bearing illegible inscriptions in Gothic characters. I kept pieces of St. Bernard's shroud and of the cloth which covered it, also some bones of his hand, and a tooth of St. Malachy's. They remained in my possession until 1814, at which time they were lost through the accidents of war."

The above report contains at least one mistake. We have it on the most unexceptionable testimony that Malachy's skull was taken from the tomb and enshrined during the administration of Abbot John d'Aizanville (1330-1348). In the archives of Troyes is preserved a manuscript chronicle of Clairvaux, written in the fourteenth century, which contains the following : " John de Aizanville, Abbot of Clairvaux

during the years (a blank here, showing that Abbot John was still living), caused to be made silver shrines, beautifully gilded, in which were placed the heads of the glorious confessors, SS. Malachy and Bernard." An inventory of the sacristy of Clairvaux, dated September 21st, 1405, mentions amongst other treasures: "Caput beati Malachie in vase argenteo, lxi marcharum." For further evidence, cf. Migne, t. clxxxv, pp. 1663-1666, and *Le Trésor de Clairvaux*, pp. 98-108. We have only to suppose, then, that M. Delaine mistook for Malachy's some other of the dismantled mausoleums.

The three boxes containing, one the bones of St. Bernard, another those of St. Malachy, and the third those of SS. Eutropius, Zozima and Bonosa, were safely deposited in the sacristy of Ville-sous-la Ferté, and there they remained secure but forgotten until 1837. In that year the good curé of the parish achieved immortality by an act of singular—well, call it unwisdom. He poured into one chest the contents of the three boxes; and thus, after surviving the vicissitudes of seven centuries, the relics of SS. Malachy and Bernard lost their identity at last through the incredible thoughtlessness of an economic parish priest! All attempts to distinguish them have hitherto proved unsuccessful.

Thanks to the foresight of Louis M. Rocourt, the last Abbot of Clairvaux, the head-bones of the two Saints have been preserved to the devotion of the faithful. At the outbreak of the revolution, this prudent superior transferred the sacred relics from their jewelled caskets to plain boxes of wood. The

greedy government officials came in due time and, as he had anticipated, carried off the empty reliquaries. In 1813, for some reason or other, he presented his priceless treasures, duly authenticated, to a pious gentleman, Baron Caffarelli, prefect of Aube, who handed them over to the bishop of Troyes. They are still preserved in the cathedral of that city, now enshrined in one and the same magnificent reliquary, a detailed description whereof may be read in the Abbé Lalore's *Trésor de Clairvaux,* pp. 219-221. "I have loved him in life," said Bernard of his Irish friend, "and in death I shall not be separated from him." Could the desire or the prophecy be more exactly fulfilled? Their bones lie in the same chest, undistinguishably [1] commingled, and their heads are encased in a common shrine.

Besides the relics of St. Malachy preserved at Troyes, others of less importance are found in different churches of France. The church of Ramerupt in the arrondissement of Arcis-sur-Aube is said to possess a small fragment of his skull. Another piece of bone, admitted to be a genuine relic of the Irish Bishop, is venerated at Vergiguy, Haute Yonne. The Chartreuse of Valbonne, in the diocese of Nismes, claims to have a mitre and a sandal that belonged to him. Another mitre is in the possession of the cathedral of Chalons-sur-Mer.

[1] For the past four years the distinguished scientist, Dr. Anthony, Professor of Comparative Anatomy at the Museum National D'Histoire Naturelle, Paris, has been at work at the task of identification, and has made such progress that we may hope his efforts will soon be crowned with complete success.

Two chalices, said to have been once owned by Malachy, were kept at Clairvaux down to the suppression. One of them was very small, just six inches in height, with a wide and shallow cup; the other, described as a handled chalice (calix ansatus), was not only furnished with handles like the famous chalice of Ardagh (which it is supposed to have resembled in other respects, too), but also had four little bells attached to the bowl. Both these relics have been lost, as well as the precious mitre preserved formerly in the abbey of Longuay, which was covered with red silk overlaid with thin plates of gold. As for Ireland, it possesses no souvenir of this illustrious Saint, to whom it gave birth and to whom it owes more than to any other of its celebrities since St. Patrick.

According to some authorities, St. Malachy left behind several literary compositions, including a *Life of St. Cuthbert* and an Irish poem. But as the genuineness of these works cannot be proved either from intrinsic or extrinsic evidence, we need say nothing further about them. The Prophecies attributed to him are discussed in Appendix II.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

SAINT BERNARD'S FIRST SERMON ON SAINT MALACHY

(Preached on the day of Malachy's Burial, November 2nd, 1148)

To-day, dearest brethren, the Lord has provided for you an abundant benediction, the dispensation whereof has been committed to me. And if that dispensation be not faithfully made, you no doubt will be at serious loss, whilst I shall have exposed myself to danger. I am frightened, therefore, at the thought of the loss to you and of my own condemnation if ever it should be said to me: "The little ones have asked for bread and there was none to break it unto them" (*Jer. Lam.* iv, 4). I know well what need you have of heavenly consolation, you who have so evidently and so manfully renounced the delights of the flesh and the pleasures of the world. Let no one, then, have any doubt that it was by heaven's particular favour to this community and in accordance with a special divine counsel, that Bishop Malachy has slept in our midst this day and obtained his long-cherished desire to be buried amongst us. For if no single leaf can fall to the ground from any tree except by the permission of God: who is so blind as not to see a marvellous design of divine mercy to us in the coming and the passing of this blessed Bishop? From the ends of the earth he came to deposit here the earth of his body. Such,

as you are aware, was his most ardent desire because of the great love he bore us, although that was not the motive which then brought him hither. Many were the obstacles he had to encounter in his last journey. He could not even obtain permission to cross over from England until the time of his consummation was drawing near, and the bound which cannot be passed. On his arrival in our midst, worn out with the multiplied labours of the road, we received him as an angel of God, so great was our reverence for his sanctity. And he, on his side, in accordance with his kindness of heart and deep-rooted humility, returned our salutations with a tenderness of affection far beyond our deserts. He appeared to be in the best of health for the next few days which he spent amongst us, awaiting the arrival of his travelling companions. These had been dispersed in England in consequence of the opposition made by the suspicious king of that country to Malachy's departure thence. At last all were assembled, and the man of God was preparing to resume his journey to the court of Rome, when he was suddenly struck down by sickness. He recognised at once that this was a summons to appear rather at the heavenly court, " God providing something better for us, that he should not be consummated " (*Heb.* xi, 40) elsewhere, after going forth from our monastery.

The physicians at first could find in him no symptom, I do not say of approaching death, but even of any grave illness. He, however, full of spiritual joy, confidently affirmed that his death was inevitable before the end of this year. We strove against him, offering up fervent prayers to God for his recovery and doing all in our power to prevent the fulfilment of his desire and prediction. But all

to no purpose, for his merits prevailed. He was granted the wish of his heart and " the will of his lips was not withholden from him " (*Ps.* xx, 3). Everything fell out exactly as he wanted. For, under the inspiration of God's mercy towards us, he had chosen this of all others to be the place of his resurrection, and had long entertained the desire that he should be laid to rest on this day of the Commemoration of All the Faithful Departed. There was yet another consolation for us, which may justly be said to have crowned our joy. It was that this same day had already been chosen by us, at the suggestion no doubt of the Spirit of God, as the most proper for reinterring here in our new cemetery the bones of our brethren brought hither from the old. The holy Bishop declared himself extremely delighted with our chant on that occasion : for we carried the remains in solemn procession, singing psalms as we walked according to our custom. And now, so soon after, he himself has been brought on the same road, having fallen asleep in the Lord most sweetly and blissfully. We therefore return thanks to God for all the dispositions of His providence : for that He has been pleased to honour our unworthiness by permitting us to be the witnesses of so holy a death, for that He has willed to enrich our poverty with the treasure beyond price of so sacred a body, and for that He has vouchsafed to prop up our weakness with so mighty a pillar of the Church. The favour bestowed upon us is undoubtedly " a token for good " (*Ps.* lxxxv, 17) of one or other of two things, namely, either that this place is already pleasing to God, or else that He purposes to make it pleasing, since He has brought hither from the end of the world a man of such sanctity to die and to be buried here.

But our love for this blessed father obliges us to sympathise most heartily with his people, and to shudder with horror at the cruelty of that death which has not hesitated to inflict so severe a wound on the suffering Church of Ireland. Cruel indeed and inexorable must have been that death which, by striking down one man, has punished so great a multitude; yea, blind and improvident, since it has tied Malachy's tongue, fettered his feet, paralysed his hands, and closed his eyes. Yes, I repeat, it has closed for ever those eyes, full of tenderness, which by the abundance of their compassionate tears were wont to obtain for sinners the grace of divine forgiveness; it has paralysed those most pure hands which loved to be always employed in lowly and wearisome labour, which had so often offered up the saving Sacrifice of the Lord's Body for the conversion of sinners, which were constantly "lifted up without anger and contention" (I *Tim.* ii, 8) in prayer to God, which, as is well known, bestowed multiplied benefits upon the sick and were glorified by the working of manifold miracles; it has fettered those feet, those beautiful feet, of him who used to preach peace and to bring good tidings (*Is.* lii, 7; *Rom.* x, 15), those feet which so often wearied themselves on missions of mercy, which made the very ground whereon they trod for ever worthy of being kissed with most devout affection; finally, it locked those holy, priestly lips which "kept knowledge" (*Mal.* ii, 7), that mouth of a just man which meditated wisdom, and that tongue which spoke judgment (*Ps.* xxxvi, 30), yea, but not without mercy (*Ps.* c, 1), and was accustomed to heal the most desperate spiritual wounds. But, dearest brethren, we should not think it strange that death is iniquitous, considering that it has been begotten of iniquity, or

that it is blind, since seduction has brought it forth. No wonder, I say, that it smites without distinction, being the daughter of transgression; that it is cruel and irrational, sprung, as it is, from the deceit of the old serpent and the folly of the first woman. And why should we complain of it for daring to touch Malachy, who, after all, was but a faithful member of Christ, since in its mad fury it presumed to attack Him Who is the Head not alone of Malachy but of all the elect? Yes, it attacked even the Head Whom it could not hurt; nor did it escape unhurt itself. Death impinged upon life and life enclosed death within its periphery, and death was swallowed up by life (I *Cor.* xv, 54; II *Cor.* v, 4). As a fish gulping down the hook with the bait, it found itself held fast by that which it had expected to hold.

But perhaps some of you will say to me: How does death seem to have been vanquished by the Head, whilst it still rages with so much liberty against the members? If death be dead, how has it slain Malachy? If vanquished, how is it that it still prevails against all, so that there is not a man "that shall live and not see death"? (*Ps.* lxxxviii, 49). Nevertheless, vanquished surely is death, the work of the devil and the penalty of sin. For sin, which is the cause of death, has been vanquished, and vanquished too the wicked one, the author both of sin and of death. And these three have not only been vanquished, but judged also and condemned. Their sentence has been pronounced, although not yet executed. The fire is already prepared for the devil (*Matt.* xxv, 41), although he has not yet been precipitated into it, being permitted to work mischief for a short time still (*Apoc.* xii, 12). He is become as a hammer in the hands of the heavenly Artificer, as "the hammer of the whole world" (*Jer.* l, 23):

he batters the elect to their profit, and he crushes the reprobate to their ruin. And as is the head of the house, so are they of his household (*Matt.* x, 25), that is, sin and death. For with regard to sin, although we are assured that it has been fastened with Christ to the Cross (*Col.* ii, 14), nevertheless it was still allowed, not indeed to reign, but to dwell in the Apostle himself so long as he lived (*Rom.* vi, 12; vii, 20). Unless I am greatly mistaken these are his own words: "If then I do that which I will not, I consent to the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that doth it but sin that dwelleth in me" (*Rom.* vii, 16-17). As to death, it also is still allowed to remain with us, but has no longer any power to do us hurt. The time will come, however, when it shall be said: "O death, where is thy victory?" (I *Cor.* xv, 55); for then the last of our enemies shall be destroyed (*ibid.* 26). In the meantime, by the will of Him Who has power over life and death and confines the waters of the sea within the fixed bounds of its shores, death itself is become as a refreshing sleep to the beloved of the Lord. We have for this the testimony of the Psalmist who says: "When He shall give sleep to His beloved, behold the inheritance of the Lord" (*Ps.* cxxvi, 2-3). "The death of the wicked is very evil" (*Ps.* xxxiii, 22) indeed, because their birth is bad and their life worse: but "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints" (*Ps.* cxv, 6). Precious in truth, because it is for them the end of their labours, the consummation of their victory, the gate of life, and the entrance into everlasting repose.

Let us therefore, dearest brethren, let us congratulate, as is fitting, our holy father, because it is piety to mourn for Malachy dead, and it is still greater piety to rejoice with Malachy re-born to a

new life. Can it be doubted that Malachy lives? Yea, live he does, and most blissfully. "In the sight of the unwise he seemed to die: but he is in peace" (*Wisdom* iii, 2-3); for already he is a "fellow-citizen with the saints and a domestic of God" (*Ephes.* ii, 19), and he joins with all the blessed in singing and giving thanks to the Lord, saying: "We have passed through fire and water, and Thou hast brought us out into a refreshment" (*Ps.* lxv, 12). Manfully indeed has he passed through life and blissfully passed beyond to glory. As a true Hebrew, he celebrated the Pasch in spirit, and when passing [1] he said to us: "With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you" (*Luke* xxii, 15). Verily he passed through fire and water, since neither adversity could cast him down nor prosperity hold him back. Brethren, underneath us is a place entirely occupied with raging flames, so that the unhappy Dives was unable to obtain there the least drop of water from the finger of Lazarus (*Luke* xvi, 24-25). Above us is that city of God which is made joyful by the stream of the river, by the torrent of the divine pleasure, by the goodly chalice which inebriateth (*Ps.* xlv, 5; xxxv, 9; xxii, 5). And here in the middle place, between both extremes, is found the knowledge of good and evil (*Gen.* ii, 9). Here, I say, it is possible to have experience of delight and tribulation: an alternation of joy and misery which we owe to unhappy Eve. Here undoubtedly we have day and night together, whereas, in hell there is nothing but night and in heaven only day. Happy the soul that has passed

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[1] The holy Preacher is here playing upon the words "Hebrew" and "Pasch," which are closely allied in their signification, the latter meaning "a passing over" and the former "from beyond."

victoriously through both trials, neither cleaving to pleasure nor succumbing to pain.

I think I ought to give you now, dearest brethren, a short account of one of the many noble actions performed by this illustrious Prelate, one in which he will appear to you to have passed most courageously through fire and water. A brood of tyrants had usurped the metropolitan see of the great St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, creating archbishops in regular hereditary succession, and "possessing for an inheritance the sanctuary of God" (*Ps.* lxxxii, 13). The faithful of the district besought our Malachy to enter the lists against so scandalous an abuse. Therefore, "putting his life in his hand" (I *Kings* xix, 5), he set forth undauntedly and assumed the administration of the archdiocese, exposing himself to imminent danger for the purpose of putting a stop to such a crying disorder. Encompassed with perils, he governed the primatial church; but as soon as all danger had vanished, he resigned the see of Armagh in favour of another whom he had consecrated conformably to the sacred canons. For he had consented to administer that see only on the express condition that, when the fury of persecution had subsided, and another archbishop could be safely installed, he himself should be allowed to return to his own diocese. There he spent the remainder of his life, living like a simple monk in the religious establishments which he had founded, without any private property, without any revenues, ecclesiastical or civil. Thus was the man of God tried in the furnace of affliction, tried, I say, but not consumed, for Malachy was of purest gold. Thus could he be neither held captive nor softened by the potent influence of worldly pleasure, nor even induced to

halt on his road as a curious spectator, momentarily forgetful of his banishment.

Which of you, my brethren, would not eagerly desire to imitate such sanctity, if he might dare harbour even a hope of coming up to it? I am sure, therefore, you would give me an attentive hearing if haply I could tell you what it was that made Malachy a saint. However, lest my own testimony should appear not sufficiently reliable, listen rather to what the Scripture says: "He sanctified him in his faith and meekness" (*Ecclus.* xlv, 4). It was by faith that he trod the world under foot, according to the words of St. John the Evangelist, who says: "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith" (I *John* v, 4). And it was in the spirit of meekness he supported with unruffled patience every kind of hardship and contradiction. Thus, on the one hand, after the example of Christ, he walked upon the waves by faith (*John* vi, 19), lest he should be captivated by the allurements of pleasure; and, on the other hand, "in patience he possessed his soul" (*Luke* xxi, 19), so that the force of affliction could not cast him down. Concerning these two dangers, to wit, pleasure and pain, you may read in one of the psalms, "a thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand" (*Ps.* xc, 7); because, namely, many more are cast down from a virtuous life by the false joys of worldly prosperity than by the buffets of bad fortune. Accordingly, most dearly beloved, let none of us ever imagine the way over the waters to be the more expedient for him, deluded by the seemingly level surface of the softer course. For he shall discover great mountains in this apparently smooth sea of prosperity, mountains which are all the more dangerous for that they are invisible. More difficult, doubtless,

seems the way that winds to the left over the steep hills and rugged rocks of adversity: but such as make trial of it find it to be far safer and better than the other. Nevertheless, there are labours to be endured on both roads and dangers to be faced also, as the Apostle well knew, since he said: "By the armour of justice on the right hand and on the left" (II *Cor.* vi, 7), so that not without cause do we congratulate them who have passed through fire and water and have been brought to refreshment. Would you like to know what that refreshment is? Would that there was some one else to describe it to you! As for me, how can I discourse on that whereof I have no experience?

Yet it seems to me that I can now hear Malachy speaking of this refreshment, and saying to his soul: "Turn, O my soul, unto thy rest, for the Lord hath been bountiful to thee. For He hath delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, my feet from falling" (*Ps.* cxiv, 7-8). Attend whilst I endeavour to explain what I take to be the import of these words, but briefly, "because the day is now far spent" (*Luke* xxiv, 29), and the sermon has already run to greater length than I had designed: for I find it hard to relinquish the delight of speaking about my holy father, and my tongue, loving to pronounce the name of Malachy, is reluctant to bring the discourse to an end. Sin, dearest brethren, is the death of the soul, as you will readily acknowledge unless you have forgotten the words of the Prophet, "The soul that sinneth, the same shall die" (*Ezech.* xviii, 4). We have, therefore, three reasons for congratulating Malachy: because he is delivered from all sin, because he is delivered from toil, and because he is delivered from danger. For no longer henceforth can sin be said to dwell in him, no longer will he

be required to shed penitential tears, no longer will it be needful to warn him of the danger of falling. Elias has now laid aside his mantle (IV *Kings* ii, 13): he has therefore nothing to fear, nothing about him which the temptress can touch, much less take hold of (*Gen.* xxxix, 12). He has mounted his chariot: he has therefore no longer any reason to be afraid of falling. His ascent is pleasant and easy, for he is borne aloft not as by the labour of his own wings, but reclining at ease in his swiftly mounting car.

To this refreshment, most dearly beloved, let us run with all eagerness "to the odour of the ointments" (*Cant* i, 3) of this our blessed father, who seems to-day to have aroused us from our usual tepidity to an ardent desire of heaven. Let us run after him, I say, calling out to him, like the Spouse in the Canticle: "Draw us after thee" (*ibid*). And let the sentiments of our hearts and our progress in virtue prove us not ungrateful to the Almighty Who in His infinite mercy has willed that His poor servants, having no merits of their own, should at least have the intercession of a friend at court.

SAINT BERNARD'S SECOND SERMON ON SAINT MALACHY

(Preached on some Anniversary, probably in 1149)

It is manifest, most dearly beloved, "that while we are in the body we are absent from the Lord" (II *Cor.* v, 6), and consequently that the misery of our banishment as well as the recollection of our sins affords us much greater cause for grief than for rejoicing. Nevertheless, we are admonished by the

Apostle to " rejoice with them that rejoice " (*Rom.* xii, 15), and so we have to-day sufficient reason to open our hearts to feelings of gladness. For if it be true, as the Prophet believed, that " the just rejoice before the face of God " (*Ps.* lxvii, 4), Malachy, beyond a doubt, must be replenished with gladness, because in his days he pleased God and was found just: " In holiness and justice," he " ministered before Him " (*Luke* i, 75; *Ecclus.* xxiv, 14). Yes, and the Lord was pleased with this ministry, and pleased too with the minister. How in truth could He have been otherwise than pleased? For Malachy " delivered the Gospel without charge " (I *Cor.* ix, 18); he spread its teachings throughout his native land; he tamed the fierce and barbarous manners of his fellow-countrymen; with " the word of the Spirit " (*Ephes* vi, 17) he subdued outlying nations to the sweet yoke of Christ, restoring to Him His inheritance even to the ends of the earth. O fruitful ministry! O faithful minister! Is it not true also that the Father's promise to the Son has been fulfilled by means of Malachy? And that the Father's gaze was fixed on Malachy what time He thus addressed His Son: " Ask of Me and I will give Thee the Gentiles for Thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for Thy possession "? (*Ps.* ii, 18). Oh, how gladly the Saviour received what He had purchased, and purchased at the price of His own most precious Blood, with the shame of the Cross and the horrors of the Passion! How gladly He received the fruit of these from the hands of Malachy, for that Malachy had exercised his ministry free of charge! Therefore the Lord was pleased with the gratuitous service in the minister, and in the ministry with the conversion of sinners. Acceptable, I say, and well pleasing to the Lord was

the minister's purity of intention along with the fruit of his ministry, the salvation of souls.

But even though Malachy's ministry had been less fruitful, the Lord would still have had respect to him and to his works (*Gen.* iv, 4); for the Lord loves purity and delights in simplicity; His justice is wont to estimate the work from the intention, and to judge as to the condition of the whole body from the state of the eye (*Matt.* vi, 22-23). As the case is, however, "great are the works of the Lord, perfectly accomplished according to all the wills" (*Ps.* cx, 2) and desires of Malachy; great indeed, and manifold, and exceedingly good in themselves, but rendered still better by the goodness of the pure intention whence they derived their origin. What work of piety was Malachy ever known to neglect? Poor towards himself, he was rich to the poor. He made himself "the father of orphans and the judge of widows" (*Ps.* lvii, 16), and the refuge of the oppressed. "A cheerful giver" (II *Cor* ix, 7), he seldom asked, and received with embarrassed humility. He laboured with all solicitude and no little success to restore concord between adversaries. Who ever was more tenderly compassionate? more prompt to succour? more fearless in administering correction? For Malachy was full of zeal, nor was he lacking in knowledge which is the moderator of zeal (*Rom.* x, 2). He knew how to be weak with the weak (I *Cor.* ix, 22), but he knew also how to be mighty with the mighty, how to resist the proud, how to punish tyrants, and how to point out their duties to kings and princes. It was he who, by his prayer, deprived a king of his sight in punishment of injustice, and restored the same when the king had been humbled to penance. It was he who gave up to "the spirit of error" (I *John* iv, 6) the disturbers

of a peace which he had established, and frustrated them in their evil designs, so that they were again obliged to make peace, confounded and stupefied by that which befell them. It was Malachy also to assist whom against other violators of peace a river sprung up, and, miraculously interposing its waters, rendered futile their wicked endeavours. No rain had fallen, there had been no inundation, no concurrence of clouds, no liquefaction of snow: when on a sudden that which before had been but a brook was changed into a mighty river, sweeping along, and overflowing its banks, and preventing the passage of them that were on their way to commit an injustice.

Oh, "how great things have we heard and known" (*Ps.* lxxvii, 3) about the zeal of Malachy, and about the vengeance which he wreaked on his Lord's enemies, although he was at the same time "sweet and mild and plenteous in mercy to all" (*Ps.* lxxxv, 5) who were in need! As if he were the father of all, so did he live for all. He loved and cherished all "as a hen her chickens" (*Matt.* xxiii, 37), and "protected them under the covert of his wings" (*Ps.* lx, 5). He made no distinction of sex, or age, or rank, or condition: he was equally at the service of all, with a heart overflowing with sympathy for all. Whatever was the trouble of those who cried to him for help, he always esteemed it his own. There was this difference, however, that whereas he was patient under the afflictions proper to himself, with regard to those of his neighbours he was not only a sufferer by sympathetic participation, but very often an impatient sufferer. For many a time, being full of fervent zeal, he would pour out the vials of his wrath upon the unjust oppressor, so that by delivering the weak and

curbing the strong he might consult for the salvation of both the one and the other. He used therefore to show anger sometimes, but only when forbearance would be sin, according to the words of the Psalmist, "Be ye angry, and sin not" (*Ps.* iv, 5). Anger exercised no dominion over Malachy, but he himself "ruled his spirit" (*Prov.* xvi, 32). He was master of himself. And manifestly he who had triumphed over himself could not be subdued by anger (*Job* xxxvi, 18). This passion, on the contrary, was held under complete control. It came at call, issuing forth when ordered, but never bursting out of itself. It was aroused and directed by reason, not by natural impulse. Neither did it consume its owner with feverish agitation, but was rather employed by him for useful ends. And he exercised the utmost diligence and caution in regulating and restraining not only this passion of anger, but all the motions of his soul and body. For he was not so solicitous for others as to neglect himself; he did not consider his own soul as the one exception from his general providence. No, he consulted for his own spiritual interests also, and watched over himself as well as over his neighbour. He was, in fact, in such a way all his own and at the same time so completely at the service of everyone around him, that he never seemed to be hindered or distracted from attention to himself by the duties of fraternal charity, or by private devotion from external ministrations. Were you to behold him when surrounded by multitudes and busily occupied with public affairs, you would pronounce him born not for himself, but for his people. But if you saw him in retirement, alone with his thoughts, you would conclude that he lived only to God and himself.

Malachy could be calm and recollected in the midst

of tumult; and the hours which he devoted to leisure were not spent in idleness. How indeed could idleness have been found in him who was always "employed in the justifications" of the Lord? (*Ps.* cxviii, 23). True, a portion of his time was left unclaimed by the duties of attending to the necessities of his flock, but it was not left unoccupied by holy meditations, by fervent prayer, or by contemplative repose. During these hours of retirement he kept silence as far as possible, and if there was need to speak, he spoke with gravity. His look was always expressive of kindness and goodwill, but ordinarily downcast and guarded. For he kept his eyes in his head—a practice considered by the wise to be worthy of no little commendation—and did not suffer them to wander about except at the bidding of virtue. His smile was both indicative and provocative of love, and his laugh was rare. Whenever he indulged in it, it was always with restraint; nor did he let it burst forth from him with loudness or violence: it served to reveal the joy of his heart in such a way that it did not lessen but rather enhanced the beauty of his countenance. It was so modest that it gave rise to no suspicion of levity, yet hearty enough to brighten up his face and to banish therefrom every cloud or shadow of sadness. O perfect oblation! O "rich holocaust"! (*Ps.* xix, 4). O pleasing service from mind and heart! How sweet an odour went up to God from the prayers that filled Malachy's leisure! How good an odour was exhaled to men from the labours of his active ministry!

It was on account of these virtues, therefore, that Malachy "was beloved of God and men" (*Ecclus.* xlv, 1) and merited to be received to-day into the company of the holy angels, becoming in effect that which his name signifies. And in truth he was

already an angel not less by the purity of his life than by the name he bore: but now the prophecy of that illustrious name has been more blissfully fulfilled in him, for he now enjoys a glory and a happiness equal to that of the angels. Let us rejoice, dearest brethren, let us rejoice, I say, that our angel has ascended to the society of his fellow-citizens, as one acting the part of an ambassador for "the children of the captivity" (*Daniel* v, 13), in order to conciliate in our behalf the favour of the blessed and to make known to them the desires of the miserable. Let us, therefore, I repeat, rejoice and exult because there has gone from our midst to the heavenly court one who has concern for us, who protects us by his merits; one who has instructed us by the example of his life, and confirmed our faith by his miracles.

The holy Bishop who so often "in the spirit of humility" (*Prayer of the Mass*) immolated pacific victims in heaven's sight, has gone in person to-day, and both as priest and victim, "unto the altar of God" (*Ps.* xlii, 4). By the translation of the priest to glory, his sacrifice has been made more acceptable: the fountain of his tears has been dried up, and all his holocaust seasoned with joy and exultation. "Blessed be the Lord God" of Malachy Who "hath visited His people" (*Luke* i, 68) through the ministry of so great a Pontiff, and now "having taken him up into the holy city" (*Matt.* iv, 5), ceases not to console us in our exile by the memory of the abundance of his sweetness! (*Ps.* cxliv, 7). And let the spirit of Malachy rejoice in the Lord, for that, being now freed from the burden of the corporeal mass, he is no longer prevented by the earthly, corruptible body from rising with all ease and alacrity above every creature, spiritual and material, and

uniting himself wholly to God, cleaving to Whom he shall be one spirit with Him for ever (I *Cor.* vi, 17).

Surely, then, " holiness becometh (this) Thy house, O Lord " (*Ps.* xcii, 5), in which is celebrated the memory of a holiness so sublime. O blessed Malachy, preserve this house in holiness and justice, taking compassion on us who, in the midst of our miseries, so many and great, " publish the memory of the abundance of thy sweetness " (*Ps.* cxliv, 7). Marvellous indeed has been the dispensation of divine grace in thy regard, causing thee to appear so insignificant in thine own esteem and so glorious in the eyes of God, of that God Who hath wrought such wonders through thee, even the salvation of thy people, and hath also done such wonders for thee, admitting thee to a participation in His own immortal bliss. May this feast which we celebrate as a devout and well-deserved tribute to thy virtues, may it be signalised for us through the power of thy merits and prayers by an abundant outpouring of heavenly grace. For the festival in honour " of the glory of thy sanctity " (*Ps.* cxliv, 5), which we are now observing and which the holy angels observe for evermore, shall be to us a worthy occasion for rejoicing then only when we make it also an occasion of profit to our souls. Holy Pontiff, assembled here to-day on thy most sweet festivity, we ask that it be allowed us at thy departure to retain some small remnants of the fruits of the Spirit, burdened wherewith thou mountest to the sky.

Be to us, we implore thee, O blessed Malachy, be to us as another Moses, or as another Elias : and as these to their disciples (*Num.* xi, 15 ; IV *Kings* ii, 25), so do thou give us of thy spirit, for thou hast come in the spirit and power of them both (*Luke* i, 17). Thy life has been for us " a law of life and dis-

cipline " (*Ecclus.* xlv, 6); thy death a refuge from death and the portal of immortality; thy memory the very savour of sweetness and grace; and thy presence as " a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord " (*Isaias* lxii, 3). O " fruitful olive-tree in the house of God " ! (*Ps.* li, 10). " O oil of gladness " (*Ps.* xliv, 8), giving both unction and illumination, fostering us with favours, enlightening us with miracles !—make us, we beg of thee, participators in the glory and happiness which thou art enjoying. O sweet-smelling lily which springeth and flowereth for ever before the Lord, diffusing everywhere the life-giving odour of thy sweetness, thou whose " memory is in benediction " (*Ecclus.* xlv, 1) amongst men here below and whose presence is honourable to the angels !—suffer not us who celebrate thy praises to be defrauded of a share of the fulness that is thine. " O great luminary " (*Ps.* cxxxv, 7), " light shining in darkness " (*John* i, 4), making our prison bright and " the city of God joyful " (*Ps.* xlv, 5) with the refulgence of thy miracles and merits !—banish from our souls the darkness of vice by the splendours of thy virtues. O morning star, brighter than the other stars in proportion as thou art nearer to the day and more like to the sun !—deign to move before us so that we also may " walk in the light " (I *John* i, 7), as " the children of light, not of the night nor of the darkness " (I *Thess.* v, 5). O dawn trembling into day upon the earth, but at the same time meridian splendour illuminating the loftier regions of heaven ! admit us to a participation of that Divine Light, irradiated wherewith thou dost shine far and wide externally and burnest sweetly within, through the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God for ever and ever. Amen.

The following is a translation in pentametres of a Sapphic-Adonic hymn on St. Malachy, composed by the Abbot of Clairvaux, the genuineness of which is acknowledged by even the most sceptical critics:

For manners sweet and prodigies renowned,
With merits and with triumphs many crowned,
Our Malachy to-day this mortal clod
Has laid aside and mounted up to God.
No empty title was the name he bore,
No angel he in name [1] and nothing more:
He lived an angel and the angels now
Their peer in glory Malachy avow.
Our angel has his fellow-angels' love
To gratify, rejoined the choirs above,
And holds his rightful place amongst the blest,
High as the highest, higher than the rest.[2]
In innocence and hard austerity,
In doctrine, faith, and gain of souls, was he
Not less than the Apostles, in whose band
His merit now entitles him to stand.
High Priest and Legate, by the work assigned
To him as by the virtues of his mind,
The Twelve he emulated, and thereby
Deserved to reign with them beyond the sky.
But if you ask what mighty signs he wrought,
No tongue can tell the whole; yet this one ought
To show what power was his: he raised the dead,
Reviving flesh whence life and sense had fled.

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[1] Malachias in Hebrew means "my angel."

[2] "*Praeminet multis, coaequatur summis.*" St. Bernard here insinuates that Malachy has been admitted in the choir of the Seraphim. Such an opinion is not so extravagant as may at first sight appear. For if angels fell from every choir, and if, as the Fathers commonly suppose, men have been created to fill up the places thus left vacant, we are quite justified in concluding that some of Adam's race shall sit enthroned amongst the Seraphim. Cf. St. Thomas, *Sum.*, p. 1, q. cviii, a. 8.

Though now with Christ, can those he loved of yore
Believe he cares and feels for them no more?
That he, so humble, guards not from above
The poor and humble with his ancient love?
Avaunt the thought that change of state has dried
Or made love's fount to flow with lesser tide!
Avaunt the thought that for the orphans thou,
The orphans' father, hast no feeling now!
O Malachy, whose bones amongst us laid
Our Vale of Glory have more glorious made,
O guard, we humbly pray, and never cease
This house, thou didst so love, to guard in peace.
To God the Father and His only Son,
And to the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Now and for ever as to One in Three,
May equal honour, equal glory be. Amen.

APPENDIX II

SAINT MALACHY'S PROPHECIES

No *Life* of St. Malachy can be considered complete unless it gives some account of the alleged prophecies which have been circulating for centuries under the holy Bishop's name. These celebrated prophecies were first made known to Christendom in the year 1595 by the Benedictine historian, Arnold Wion. He inserted them, along with Fra Ciaconi's interpretation, in his work entitled *Lignum Vitae*, published at Venice. The work contains a list of Benedictine bishops, amongst whom he enumerates the saintly Bishop of Down—under the mistaken impression that he belonged to the Cistercian and hence to the Benedictine Order—and after giving a brief summary of his life, adds: "Malachy is said to have written some treatises, none of which I have come across except a prophecy concerning the sovereign pontiffs. As it is short and, so far as I know, has never yet been printed, and because many desire to see it, I insert it here."

With no more introduction than this he launched upon the world the series of mystical devices or mottoes supposed to designate every successive occupant of the papal throne from Celestine II, 1143-1144, to "Petrus Romanus who shall feed the flock amidst many tribulations, at the end whereof the City on the Seven Hills shall be destroyed and the awful Judge will come to judge His people." He does not tell us where he found them, whether his manuscript was the autograph or a transcript, or by what right he attributes them to the Bishop of Down.

The Abbé Cucherat, however, writing in 1871, supplies what Wion omitted. According to this author, Malachy, whilst in Rome at the end of 1139 or the beginning of 1140, beheld in vision the long succession of sovereign pontiffs who were to follow Innocent II. He committed to writing what was thus revealed to him, designating each future pope by a device or motto the meaning of which only time would explain. The manuscript was presented to Innocent to console him in his afflictions. It then found its way into the Roman archives, where it remained forgotten for more than four hundred years.

Menestrier, a learned Jesuit of the seventeenth century, maintained, on the contrary, that the so-called prophecies originated in 1590 during the long conclave of that year which resulted in the election of Gregory XIV. They were forged by a partisan of Cardinal Simoncelli, doyen of the Sacred College and a native of Orviete, where also he had been bishop. The forger's object was to influence the electors in favour of this cardinal, whom he designated under the motto: *Ex Antiquitate Urbis* (from the oldness of the city), because Orviete is but the Italian form of the name *Urbs Vetus*. From motives of piety or for less laudable reasons, one would be slow to vote against a man thus visibly marked out by Providence for the tiara.

With regard to these prophecies, there are two questions which ought to be separately discussed. One concerns their authorship, the other has to do with their authenticity. But, although distinct, the questions are not mutually independent. If we prove Malachy the author of the prophecies we can claim to have also proved them authentic, but not *vice versa;* and if we prove that they are not genuine prophecies

at all, we shall have proved thereby that they did not originate with Malachy, but not *vice versa*.

Against Malachy's authorship the following arguments seem to us absolutely conclusive. First, not alone is the bizarre appearance of these devices utterly out of harmony with the simple, straightforward character of the Irish Saint, but two of them contain allusions to pagan mythology which Malachy, we have no doubt, would consider almost sacrilegious in connexion with a subject so sacred as the papacy. The devices we refer to are *Fructus Jovis juvabit* for Julius II, and *Aesculopii pharmacum* for Pius IV. These, moreover, carry a distinct suggestion of the Renaissance.

Our second argument is that many of the mottoes imply in their author a knowledge of the Italian language. Thus *Inimicus expulsus* for Lucius II is but a Latin version of his Italian family name, *Caccianemici,* which means "chase enemy"; *De meliore sidere,* for Innocent VIII, has reference to the Italian house, *Migliorati,* whence he sprung; *De parvo homine,* for Pius III, translates his Italian surname, *Piccolomini; Comes signatus,* for Innocent III, derives from *Conti,* again the family name. And so with many others. Now it is pertinent to ask: Where did Malachy learn Italian? There is no evidence and no likelihood that it was taught in any of the Irish schools of the period. Or are we to suppose that the Spirit of God inspired the predictions in a language unknown to the prophet himself?

The third and most convincing argument comes from the silence of St. Bernard. Dr. Joseph Maitre [1]—than whom the so-called prophecies have never found a more erudite and zealous defender—

[1] *La prophétie des Papes.* Beaune, 1901.

offers two explanations (either of which he considers adequate) of the holy Abbot's reticence. We may suppose that Bernard knew nothing about them, Malachy having given the secret to none save Pope Innocent. That certainly is supposable, as Malachy's authorship is supposable. But gratuitous suppositions will never get us anywhere. The communication of the prophecies to Innocent is itself but a supposition and an extremely improbable one. The reason assigned is that the pontiff might be consoled in his tribulations. Now, at the time of Malachy's visit to Rome, the end of 1139 or the commencement of 1140, Innocent's tribulations had already come to an end: the schism of Anacletus was healed, thanks to the efforts of St. Bernard, and the Holy See had compounded with Roger of Sicily. Even were it otherwise, one cannot see what particular comfort the pope could have derived from the prophecies. They would have told him indeed that the papacy would last until the end of time, but surely there needed no prophet to inform him of that which every Christian was bound to believe. No reason has ever been suggested why Malachy felt bound to withhold from his most intimate friend the secret he imparted to Innocent.

Doctor Maitre offers an alternative explanation of Bernard's silence. We may suppose the holy Abbot knew all about the prophecies, but refrained from speaking of them because he wrote for the sole object of edification, whereas "these obscure devices were better calculated to excite barren curiosity than the edification he desired"[1] To this we may answer that edification was *not* Bernard's exclusive object—if so, he would have omitted much that we find in

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 604-605.

the biography. He also aimed at the glorification of his friend. And what an opportunity he would have missed by suppressing the prophecies! He declared that Malachy had the prophetic spirit: how could he have failed to substantiate his statement by pointing to the extraordinary fulfilment of the predictions concerning the three popes, Celestine II, Lucius II, and Eugenius III, who died before the biography was written? The motto for Celestine is *Ex castro Tiberis* (from the castle on the Tiber): his name was Guy *de' Castelli*. The motto for Lucius is *Inimicus expulsus* (the enemy chased out): his name was Gerard *Caccianemici, i.e.*, chase-enemy. Eugenius's motto is *Ex magnitudine montis:* he was born in *Grammonte,* which is the Italian for *Mons Magnus,* the great mountain. Again, if these devices serve no better purpose than to arouse morbid curiosity, can we suppose them to have been inspired by the Spirit of God? So much for the authorship of the prophecies.

We now proceed to examine the question of their authenticity. Prophecy may be defined as the definite and certain prediction of some future event that could not be known in its causes. The one and only test of its authenticity is the actual occurrence of what has been foretold. If the prophecy contains a series of predictions, as in the present instance, it must be fulfilled in every part: the falsification of one single item would falsify the whole as an inspired prophecy. Moreover, when the time for the fulfilment is past, and persons of good-will and ordinary intelligence cannot satisfy themselves as to whether and how it has been fulfilled, we ought to regard that prediction as falsified in the event: a prophecy or miracle that could not be recognised as such would have missed its essential

purpose. It may be further observed that with regard to the Roman pontiffs, the narrowness of the ground makes good guessing a comparatively easy matter. Every pope can safely be presumed to be a man of learning, piety and zeal, a man of sorrows, too, because he must have solicitude for all the Churches, and persecution is never wanting. This consideration will detract a good deal from the probative value attached to the correspondence between the mottoes and the facts in the case of recent popes: Pius IX, *Crux de cruce;* Leo XIII, *Lumin in coelo;* Pius X, *Ignis ardens;* Benedict XV, *Religio depopulata;* Pius XI, *Fides intrepida.*

Anybody who makes a study of the devices cannot help noticing that they almost naturally fall into two well-defined groups. Those referring to the predecessors of Gregory XIV are very precise in character and unmistakably fulfilled—they are mostly puns upon the names of the pontiffs' family or birthplace, or clear references to their armorial bearings: *De inferno Pregnani* designates Urban VI (1378-1389), whose name was Pregnani and who was born at Pandino near a public-house rejoicing in the name of *l'inferno. Frigidus abbas* (a cold abbot) designates Benedict XII (1334-1342), who had been abbot of the Cistercian monastery called *Font-Froide* (cold-spring). *De meliore sidere* (from a better star) designates Innocent VII, whose family name was *Migliorati* (better), and who bore a star in his escutcheon. The other group, *i.e.*, those which follow Gregory XIV, have vagueness for their common characteristic. The boot is so loosely formed that it will fit either foot, just as in that typical ambiguous prophecy: "The duke yet lives that Henry shall subdue." Thus we have *Undosus vir* (a wavy man) for Leo XI (1605), which might mean a vacillating

character, or one of strong passion, or one in some way connected with the sea, or one with a flowing beard, etc., etc. Yet the explanation given is that his birthplace, Pistoia, is watered by several rivers!

No explanation appears to have been found for quite a large number, amongst which are *Flores Circumdati* (flowers strewn around), applied to Clement XI (1700-1721); *Ursus Velox* (swift bear), to Clement XIV (1769-1775); *Canis et Coluber* (dog and Snake), to Leo XII (1823-1829); *Vir Religiosus* (religious man), to Pius VIII (1829-1831); *De Balneis Etruriae* (from the hot baths of Tuscany), to Gregory XVI (1832-1846). There are others the interpretations suggested for which are too ridiculous to be seriously entertained. Thus *Bellua Insatiabilis* (insatiable beast), which designates Innocent XI (1676-1689), has been understood to refer to the insatiable avidity wherewith he used to consult an unfortunate cardinal of the name Cibo (food)! Be these thy prophets, O Israel? The seven devices that still await fulfilment (or falsification) are just as vague as the preceding. *Petrus Romanus* (Peter of Rome), for instance, the very last of all, will apply to any and every possible pope, since it is the same thing to be pope as to be bishop of Rome and successor to St. Peter.

Assuming that the devices or mottoes are the work of a clever forger rather than the utterances of an inspired prophet, we have a ready and adequate explanation of the marked difference between the two groups, in the simple fact that it is a much more difficult matter to prophesy accurately before the event than after. In other words, the devices for the popes preceding Gregory XIV were conceived and assigned retrospectively, hence their definiteness in

character and manifest appropriateness; the rest are guesswork with the characteristics and the varied fortune of guesswork.

For Catholics, a very serious objection lies in the fact that no fewer than eight antipopes find a place in the series of St. Peter's successors. Two of them, indeed, are described as schismatics, Nicolas V, *Corvus Schismaticus* (schismatical crow), and Clement VIII, *Schisma Barchinonium* (schism of Barcelona), but the rest are put on a level with the legitimate pontiffs. None of the explanations offered seems to us satisfactory in the least degree. The Marquis of Bute suggests (*Dublin Review*, October, 1885), that the "prophet," undertaking to predict the fate of the papal throne until the end of time, could hardly "omit all mention of persons who appeared to occupy it and were so recognised by sections of the Christian world, and sometimes in Rome itself, any more than a seer of the monarchs of France, however Legitimist in principles, could be expected to pass over in silence the existence of the Napoleonic dynasty." The parity does not hold. Bonaparte was at least the *de facto* ruler of France and governed with the consent of the majority, but none of the antipopes occupied such a position in the Church. Besides, such a seer, whilst mentioning the monarchs he regarded as usurpers, would clearly distinguish them, and all of them, from the legitimate rulers. It would be more true to say that the names of the antipopes are as much out of place in a list of the Roman pontiffs coming from an inspired prophet as would be the apocrypha in the Tridentine Canon of Scripture.

The contention of Dr. Bellesheim, *Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche in Irland*, i, 362, and of Mgr. Vacandard, *Revue des Questions Historiques*,

Tome 52, p. 52, that the so-called prophecies contain heretical doctrine insofar as, against the teaching of Scripture, they render calculable the time of the General Judgment, does not seem to rest on very solid grounds. Scripture itself gives us clear indications of the approach of the end of the world. What is denied is the possibility of knowing exactly how far off it may be, but for this the prophecies do not afford a basis of calculation. Especially as the series of mottoes or devices is not affirmed to be exhaustive. There is even something like a hint at a hiatus between the last and the last but one.

We do not think we have detracted in the slightest degree from St. Malachy's glory by what has just been said. Rather the contrary. Entirely convinced as we are that these prophecies are apocryphal, we shall be glad if we have done something to dissociate them from his honoured name. Our beloved Saint has much stronger titles to esteem and veneration than any dubious predictions could give him.

Amongst the writers who have repudiated the so-called prophecies as forgeries may be mentioned Baronius, Papebrochius (Bollandist), Menestrier, Surius, Alban Butler, Moréri, Novaës, Lanigan, de Montor, Schöll, O'Hanlon, Bautz, de Buck, Marquis of Bute, Bishop Dwenger, Bellesheim, O'Laverty, Vacandard, Thurston. According to Bellesheim, no serious theologian has ever regarded them as authentic.

We append here the full list of papal devices for the satisfaction of readers who may not have seen them before.

PAPAL "PROPHECIES" ATTRIBUTED TO ST. MALACHY

(Only the Latin words belong to the original Devices.)

Ex Castro Tiberis (From the Castle on the Tiber)—Celestine II (1143-1144).

Inimicus Expulsus (The enemy driven out)—Lucius II (1144-1145).

Ex Magnitudine Montis (From the greatness of a mountain)—Eugene III (1145-1153).

Abbas Suburranus (A Suburran Abbot)—Anastasius IV (1153-1154).

De Rure Albo (From a white country place)—Adrian IV (1154-1159).

Ex Ansere Custodi (From the Keeper Goose)—Alexander III (1159-1181).

De Tetro Carcere (From a foul prison)—Victor IV, Antipope (1159-1164).

Via Transtibernia (The way beyond the Tiber)—Paschal III, Antipope (1164-1168).

De Pannomia Tusciae (From the Hungary of Tuscia)—Calixtus III, Antipope (1168-1178).

Lux in Ostio (A light in the gate)—Lucius III (1181-1185).

Sus in Cribro (A sow in a sieve)—Urban III (1185-1187).

Ensis Laurentii (The sword of Lawrence)—Gregory VIII (1187).

De Schola Exiet (He will come out of a school)—Clement III (1187-1191).

De Rure Bovensi (From the cattle country)—Celestine III (1191-1198).

Comes Signatus (A signed Count)—Innocent III (1198-1216).

Canonicus de Latere (A Canon from the side)—Honorius III (1216-1226).

Avis Ostiensis (The bird of Ostia)—Gregory IX (1227-1241).

Leo Sabinus (The Sabine Lion)—Celestine IV (1241).

Comes Laurentius (Count Lawrence)—Innocent IV (1243-1254).

Signum Ostiense (A Sign of Ostia)—Alexander IV (1254-1261).

Hierusalem Campaniae (Jerusalem of Champagne)—Urban IV (1261-1264).

Draco depressus (A crushed serpent)—Clement IV (1265-1268).

Anguineus vir (A snake-like man)—Gregory X (1271-1276).

Concionatur Gallus (A French Preacher)—Innocent V (1276).

Bonus Comes (A good Count)—Adrian V (1276).

Piscator Tuscus (A Tuscian fisherman)—John XXI (1276-1277).

Rosa Composita (A compounded Rose)—Nicolas III (1277-1280).

Ex telonio liliacei Martini (From the receipt of custom of Martin of the lilies)—Martin IV (1281-1285).

Ex Rosa Leonina (From a Leonine Rose)—Honorius IV (1285-1287).

Picus inter escas (A woodpecker among the food)—Nicolas IV (1288-1292).

Ex eremo celsus (The lofty one from the desert)—Celestine V (1294).

Ex undarum benedictione (From a blessing of the waves)—Boniface VIII (1294-1303).

Concionator Patareus (A preacher from Patara)—Benedict XI (1303-1304).

De Fossis Aquitanicis (From the ditches of Aquitaine)—Clement V (1305-1314).
De Sutore osseo (From a bony shoemaker)—John XXI or XXII (1316-1334).
Corvus schismaticus (A schismatical crow)—Nicolas V, Antipope (1328-1338).
Frigidus Abbas (A cold Abbot)—Benedict XII (1334-1342).
Ex Rosa Atrebatensi (From the Rose of Arras)—Clement VI (1342-1352).
De Montibus Pammachii (From the Mountains of Pammachius)—Innocent VI (1352-1362).
Gallus Vicecomes (A French Viscount)—Urban V (1362-1370).
Novus de virgine forti (A new man from a strong virgin)—Gregory XI (1370-1378).
De inferno Pregnani (The Pregnani from hell)—Urban VI (1378-1389).
De Cruce Apostolica (From an Apostolic Cross)—Clement VII, Antipope (1378-1394).
Cubus de mixtione (The square of mixture)—Boniface IX (1389-1404).
Luna Cosmediana (The Moon of Cosmedin)—Benedict XIII, Antipope (1394-1424).
De Meliore Sidere (From a better star)—Innocent VII (1404-1406).
Nauta de ponte nigro (A sailor from a black bridge)—Gregory XII (1406-1415).
Flagellum Solis (The Scourge of the Sun)—Alexander V, Antipope (1409-1410).
Cervus Syrenae (The Stag of the Syren)—John XXIII, Antipope (1410-1419).
Columna veli auri (The pillar with the golden veil)—Martin V (1417-1431).
Schisma Barchinonium (A schism of Barcelona)—Clement VIII, Antipope (1424-1429).

Lupa Coelestina (A Coelestinian she-wolf)—Eugene IV (1431-1447).
Amator Crucis (A lover of the Cross)—Amadeus VIII (1439-1449).
De modicitate Lunae (From the littleness of the moon)—Nicolas V (1447-1455).
Bos pascens (A bull browsing)—Callistus III (1455-1458).
De Capra et Albergo (From a she-goat and a tavern)—Pius II (1458-1464).
De cervo et leone (From a stag and a lion)—Paul II (1464-1471).
Piscator Minorita (A Minorite fisherman)—Sixtus IV (1471-1481).
Praecursor Siciliae (A Forerunner from Sicily)—Innocent VIII (1484-1492).
Bos Albanus in portu (An Alban bull in the Port)—Alexander VI (1492-1503).
De parvo homine (From a little man)—Pius III (1503).
Fructus Jovis juvabit (The fruit of Jupiter will help)—Julius II (1503-1513).
De craticula Politiana (From a Politian gridiron)—Leo X (1513-1521).
Leo Florentinus (A Lion of Florence)—Adrian VI (1522-1523).
Flos pilae (The flower of the ball)—Clement VII (1523-1534).
Hyacinthus medicus (The jacinth physician)—Paul III (1534-1549).
De corona Montana (Of the mountain crown)—Julius III (1550-1555).
Frumentum floccidum (Hairy grain)—Marcellus II (1555).
De fide Petri (of the faith of Peter)—Paul IV (1555-1559).

Aesculapii pharmacum (The drug of Aesculapius)—Pius IV (1559-1567).
Angelus nemorosus (A woodland Angel)—Pius V (1566-1572).
Medium corpus pilarum (An half body of the balls)—Gregory XIII (1572-1585).
Axis in medietate Signi (An axis in the midst of a sign)—Sixtus V (1585-1590).
Ex antiquitate urbis (From the oldness of a city)—Gregory XIV (1590-1591).
Pia Civitas in bello (A dutiful State in war)—Innocent IX (1591).
Crux Romulea (A Roman Cross)—Clement VIII (1592-1605).
Undosus vir (A wavy man)—Leo XI (1605).
Gens perversa (A crooked people)—Paul V (1605-1621).
In tribulatione pacis (In tribulation of peace)—Gregory XV (1621-1623).
Lilium et rosa (The lily and the rose)—Urban VIII (1623-1641).
Jucunditas Crucis (The joy of the Cross)—Innocent X (1644-1655).
Montium custos (A keeper of mountains)—Alexander VII (1655-1667).
Sydus olorum (A constellation of swans)—Clement IX (1667-1669).
De flumine magno (From a great river)—Clement X (1670-1676).
Bellua insatiabilis (An insatiable beast)—Innocent XI (1676-1689).
Poenitentia gloriosa (Glorious penance)—Alexander VIII (1689-1691).
Rastrum in porta (The rake at the door)—Innocent XII (1691-1700).

Flores circumdati (Flowers set round about)—Clement XI (1700-1721).
De bona Religione (From a good Religious Order)—Innocent XIII (1721-1724).
Miles in bello (A soldier in war)—Benedict XIII (1724-1730).
Columna excelsa (A lofty pillar)—Clement XII (1730-1740).
Animal rurale (A country beast)—Benedict XIV (1740-1758).
Rosa Umbriae (A rose of Umbria)—Clement XIII (1758-1769).
Ursus velox (A swift bear)—Clement XIV (1769-1775).
Peregrinus Apostolicus (An Apostolic wanderer)—Pius VI (1775-1799).
Aquila rapax (An eagle carrying away)—Pius VII (1800-1823).
Canis et coluber (A dog and an adder)—Leo XII (1823-1829).
Vir Religiosus (A religious man)—Pius VIII (1829-1831).
De Balneis Etruriae (From the hot baths of Tuscany)—Gregory XVI (1832-1846).
Crux de cruce (The cross from a cross)—Pius IX (1846-1878).
Lumen in coelo (A light in the sky)—Leo XIII (1878-1903).
Ignis ardens (Burning fire)—Pius X (1903-1914).
Religio depopulata (Religion laid waste)—Benedict XV (1914-192-).
Fides intrepida (Faith undaunted)—Pius XI (192-).
Pastor Angelicus (An angelic shepherd) ———
Pastor et nauta (A shepherd and a sailor) ———
Flos florum (A flower of flowers) ———
De medietate lunae (From an half-moon) ———

De labore solis (From the toil of the sun) ———
Gloria olivae (The glory of the olive) ———
Petrus Romanus (Peter of Rome) ———

The so-called prophecies conclude with the words: "During the last persecution of the Holy Roman Church there shall sit Peter of Rome who shall feed the sheep amid great tribulations, and when these are passed, the City of the Seven Hills shall be utterly destroyed, and the awful Judge will judge the people."

PROPHECY CONCERNING IRELAND'S FUTURE ATTRIBUTED TO SAINT MALACHY

The following is taken from Moran's *Memoirs of Blessed Oliver Plunkett,* pp. 240-243. This prediction is less known than the papal prophecies attributed to the same Saint:—

"We may refer to this time (1679) the correspondence of Dr. Plunkett with the learned Mabillon, the most distinguished ornament of the Benedictine Order, relative to a prophecy of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh. This great Saint was said to have foretold that after seven centuries of desolation and suffering the Church of Ireland would be clothed with beauty and arrayed in the fruitfulness of sanctity as of old. Doctor Plunkett consulted the Benedictine historian as to the authenticity of the prophetic announcement made by his sainted predecessor in the See of Armagh, and received in reply his weighty attestation, removing all doubt of the authenticity of St. Malachy's prophecy. The letter

of Mabillon and the text of the prophetic announcement which accompanies it, are the more interesting to us in that the seven centuries from St. Malachy's death have run their course in our own days, and we see the prophecy most fully verified in the renewed splendour of the Irish Church and the marvellous fruits of her missionary zeal in distant lands.

" ' To Monseigneur Oliver Plunkett,
' Archbishop of Armagh.

" ' Monseigneur,—In reply to your solicitous inquiries, I have the distinguished honour to state that I have indeed found, in a very ancient archive of the Abbey of Einseildelin, the document containing the prophecy of St. Malachy, your predecessor in the See of Armagh, relative to Ireland, and herewith I send you a faithful copy of the same.

" ' The parchment on which it is written is in a very tolerable state of preservation, and, though not of the best quality, is such as was generally used on such occasions.

" ' The caligraphy is good, and is of the same character as that used at Clairvaux in the time of St. Bernard's school, and bespeaks an author of some note. Indeed, we find that one Reginald was prior of Clairvaux at the period of St. Malachy's death there, and that a certain monk, Theodore, from Clairvaux, became bishop of Autun towards the middle of the twelfth century. Although no name is subscribed to the document, doubtless these are the two whose names are mentioned therein, and both or either may have written it. They may have gone to the grange to meet St. Malachy, as no doubt his feeble health would have compelled him to

proceed by easy stages, and in any case the fame of so distinguished a visitor's approach would have reached Clairvaux before him.

" ' The document was evidently written for St. Bernard, when compiling the *Life* of Blessed Malachy, and only relates a thing that occurred on one night. Yet this was so remarkable and important that one might well wonder if a fact so well attested as what it records were not preserved. It did not exactly enter into St. Bernard's scope, as he barely indicates that St. Malachy was endowed with the twofold gift of miracles and prophecy, and so he left the document to tell posterity its own tale.

" ' Events in England subsequent to the time of St. Bernard, as the quarrel about investitures, the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket, and the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, would call attention to the document and keep alive the interest attaching to it. It is certain that there was always at Clairvaux a lively recollection of many of St. Malachy's prophecies, and of this one in particular; and although England had not till thirty years later invaded Ireland, yet our traditions always pointed to England, and not to the northern pirates, as the enemy who were to oppress Ireland for seven hundred years, and that same as the period of their domination in your country.

" ' As regards Pontefract, I have not been able to discover any place of that name within a day's journey of Clairvaux. There was, however, a grange belonging to the monastery at a place now called Ligny, a few miles distant from Clairvaux, and though the names differ, the place is probably the same.

" ' Much of the archives of Clairvaux were transferred to Einseildelin in the last century (16th).

"'With every sentiment of veneration and respect, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"'Your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant,

"'J. MABILLON.'"

"THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHY, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH

"When Malachy, the beloved of God, was proceeding the second time from Ireland to Rome and had arrived at Pontefract, which is a short day's journey from the monastery (Clairvaux), being fatigued with travelling, and already seized with the distemper which carried him away, he came to a grange of ours. There he delayed for a while, and being requested by some of the brethren who happened to be in the place, stayed for the night. The man, wholly devoted to God and his country, spent a great part of the night in the prayer of God, and at length, seized with a certain divine ardour, his spirit seemed carried away from its earthly tenement. Suddenly a light from heaven shone round about him, while on bended knees, with hands joined, he gazed up into heaven. Two monks, Theodore and Reginald, who were waiting not far distant, 'marvelled to see such things; they were astonished and suddenly cast down, trembling came upon them.' Approaching nearer, and, in their reverential fear, being most attentive, they heard the voice at one time of the holy bishop, and at another the voice as it were of someone speaking with him.

"'Woe is me! Alas for my ruined country! Alas

for the Holy Church of God! How long, O Lord, dost Thou forget us? How long, my country, art thou consumed with sorrow?' he exclaimed. Then they heard the answer, as if someone spoke to him, although he himself uttered the words: 'Be of good heart, my son, the Church of God in Ireland shall never fail. With terrible discipline long shall she be purified, but, afterwards, far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory. And, O Ireland! do thou lift up thy head: thy day shall also come—a day of ages. A week of centuries equalling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy, shall be numbered unto thee. Then shall thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible foe, yet so as through scourges great and enduring. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, in so much shalt thou be exalted. Thy light shall burst forth as the sun, and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within thy boundaries, and beauty and strength in thy defences.'

"After this, he was silent for a while, then with a loud and joyous voice, he exclaimed: 'Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace! Long enough have I lived! It is sufficient: The Church of God in Ireland shall never fail: and though long shall it be desired, my country shall one day stand forth in its might and be fresh in its beauty like the rose.'

"On the following day, the two monks, Reginald and Theodore, conducted the sick prelate, with his deacon, Virgilius, to Clairvaux. The rest, Father Abbot, is known to your Reverence."

"The foregoing agrees with the original.

"J. MABILLON."

This prophecy has the merit of definiteness; it is as definite as Daniel's Messianic prediction: "After sixty-two weeks Christ shall be slain and the people that shall deny Him shall not be His" (*Dan.* ix, 26). Hence we can apply to it the test of *Deuteronomy* (xviii, 22): "When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken." The end of seven centuries from the alleged date of the Norman invasion, that is, 1869, found Ireland, instead of glorious and triumphant, at the very nadir of depression, a helpless prey to poverty and landlordism, and forsaken by her children as a land that devoured its inhabitants. And many a year has she waited in vain for the fulfilment of the promise supposed to be inspired.

Another difficulty. The prophecy represents Malachy as coming sick to Clairvaux, and "already seized with the distemper which carried him off." But St. Bernard tells us explicitly that the holy Bishop was in good health when he arrived and continued so for a few days—*paucos deinde apud nos dies fecit in incolumitate sua*—and that he was taken suddenly ill—*subito infirmitate praeventus*—on the feast of S. Luke, October 18th.[1] If the great Abbot's silence prevents us from attributing to his Irish friend the so-called papal prophecies, who can accept as genuine this other which contradicts what he testifies from his own personal knowledge?

[1] Bernard's first sermon on St. Malachy. Cf. also *Vita*, last chapter.

APPENDIX III

(The following, taken from *The Drogheda Independent* of July 27th, 1929, will serve to show that Ireland still remembers with appreciation and gratitude the great and holy Prelate to whose zeal she owed Mellifont, and that the affection she manifested for the Cistercians of 1142 still survives for their successors.)

IRELAND CELEBRATES THE 787TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF MELLIFONT IN 1142, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF SS. MALACHY AND BERNARD.

FATHER GANNON'S DISCOURSE

"The Revenge of God," mentioned in the course of the eloquent oration of the Very Rev. Fr. Gannon on Sunday last, could scarcely have a more apt illustration than in the presence of the thousands of people who flocked to the ruins of Mellifont for Drogheda's celebration of the Centenary of Catholic Emancipation. This was most happily timed to coincide with the 390th anniversary of the last Mass celebrated at Mellifont by the Cistercian monks before the suppression of that monastery on the 23rd July, 1539. So appropriately coming in the year when the anniversary of Catholic Emancipation has turned the minds of all from the conditions as they now exist, to those of olden times, the celebration was in all respects everything that could be expected in a country of high Catholic traditions. Favoured by the presence of the Most Rev. Dr. (now Cardinal) MacRory, Primate of All Ireland, and

attended by contingents numbering many thousands from Leinster and Ulster, the huge gathering of prelates, priests and laity, there in the ruined and erstwhile lonely valley of Mellifont—ruined and desecrated by enemies of the Faith—was indeed and in truth as striking a manifestation of the ways of God's " revenge " as may ever be given to any of this generation to see. Emblems of this noted event spread themselves to the confines of the Parish and beyond, and on the hedgerows and the wayside houses, Papal colours and strings of bunting eloquently informed the visitors of the thoroughness with which the spirit of the celebration had penetrated through the countryside. In Mellifont itself the change was such as almost to confuse those who know that monument of Irish civilisation in its quieter times. An altar had been erected for the celebration of the Anniversary Mass and on the ruined buildings hung garlands, and mottoes which told in simple words of the triumph of the day. The scroll which greeted the representatives of the Cistercian monasteries in Ireland as they moved in the Procession to the Altar was particularly appropriate. It said—" Primate, Priests and People of 1929, repeat the cordial welcome of St. Malachy to the Cistercians in 1142."

From early morning hundreds of the many thousand people who composed the great congregation were wending their way to Mellifont from Drogheda, Navan, Ardee and Dunleer and the intervening countryside, every manner and mode of conveyance being utilised for the occasion. From Drogheda, naturally, came the greatest number, not only because Drogheda claims Mellifont as its own, not only because of its proximity to the great Abbey, but because when the monks were driven from

Mellifont it was in Drogheda that many of them found shelter to carry on their work for religion with unfailing zeal up to the time of the Penal Laws. Drogheda wore its most joyful countenance on Sunday morning, Papal flags and bunting flying gaily from the windows in every street and more particularly in the Mell side of the town, whence the great trek to Mellifont was made. In this humble quarter the good Catholic people of Drogheda had come forth with traditional enthusiasm and zeal and made their homes shine with emblems of the joy that was in their hearts, because they were favoured to witness such a great demonstration of Catholic Faith. One little alleyway off Mell called Mill Row was unanimously awarded the palm for the decorative wealth and beauty, every house bearing strings of rosettes in the Papal and other religious colours, and several religious emblems also forming part of the decorative scheme. West Gate Civic Guard barracks was also strikingly decorated and, indeed, one might say that the whole six miles route from Drogheda to Mellifont was decorated, for at regular intervals along the way streamers crossed the road, in some cases carrying appropriate scrolls.

Brass Bands from Drogheda and Ardee gave the first intimation of the arrival of the Procession. In it were members of the Drogheda Corporation in robes, Acolytes and Choir, visiting clergy, the representatives of the Cistercian Monasteries, and in the rere walked His Grace, blessing the assembled congregation as he passed. On his arrival, the Choir sang *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus,* after which the celebration of the Mass began. Loud speakers at vantage points carried the intonation of the Mass with the utmost clearness to the confines of the crowd, and the thousands of people who had availed

of all the natural advantages of the slopes around from which to view the celebrations, reverently followed its progress. At the most solemn portion of the Mass there was a silence that was most impressive; from all these thousands there arose not a single sound to tell of their presence, and only the Consecration bell tinkled and the birds sang overhead, as God's " revenge " was accomplished and the sacred cloister saw the renewal of that Sacrifice to which it had been a stranger for almost 400 years.

To the Very Rev. Canon Carolan, to whose fervour and zeal the celebrations owe their origin, the fervent congratulations of the entire countryside, on their conception and success, are cordially tendered. In his arduous task he was zealously assisted by Father McKevitt, C.C., who enlisted the aid of the stewards and Decoration Committee, who in turn worked so capably that all the arrangements of the day went through, not alone without a hitch, but with the utmost smoothness and regularity. A force of the Gardai Siothchána under the control of Chief Supt. Maher, Supt. Farrell and Inspector Glancy rendered inestimable service in the regulation of the traffic.

His Grace Most Rev. Dr. (now Cardinal) MacRory presided at the High Mass, which was celebrated by a Cistercian priest, with a Deacon, Subdeacon and Master of Ceremonies of the same Order. A very numerous assembly of the clergy, including representatives of the various religious Orders, occupied the Choir. There were present also representatives of the Free State Ministry, of the Dáil, of the Senate, and of the different public bodies of the neighbourhood. The Lord Abbots of the two Irish Cistercian monasteries, Mount Melleray, Waterford, and Mount St. Joseph, Tipperary, were unable to attend, as the General

Chapter of their Order was then in session at Citeaux.

A very excellent programme of music was rendered during the ceremonies by St. Peter's Choir, Drogheda, comprising over 50 voices under the conductorship of Mr. Edward Lambe; and with the assistance of the broadcasting apparatus, the music carried to the very outskirts of the crowd. The music included *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* F.X. Witt; *Introit, Graduale, Offertory* and *Communion,* Plain Chant. The *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Agnus Dei* and *Sanctus* of the glorious *Missa de Angelis* were rendered very beautifully and in a manner which showed that the singers were penetrated with the sense of the sacred words they pronounced; the other music during the Mass being—*Tu es Petrus* (by six voices) and the *Ego Sum Panis Vivus* after the Consecration. After the Mass the St. Peter's Choir was heard to full advantage in *The Earth is the Lord's,* and at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the *Salve Regina, Te Deum* and *Tantum Ergo* floated very sweetly along the old and historic valley. *Laudate Dominum* and *Adoremus* in Plain Chant were also sung at Benediction. When the Benediction was over, the Choir rendered *Faith of Our Fathers* and the finale, as the procession passed out of the ruins, was *A Song for the Pope,* which was also played by the two Bands present.

After the Mass, Rev. P. J. Gannon, S.J., ascended the pulpit and delivered the following beautiful discourse :—

The story of Mellifont can be briefly told. In part the offspring and in part the parent of a true reformation, it was the victim of a false one; it was

erected by Saints who sought the glory of God and the good of religion, it was destroyed by criminals in high places who sought their own glory and enrichment, making religion a mere pretence for robbery and wrong. And here to-day amid those scanty remains of what was once a great monastic establishment, holding a place in the Ireland of its time little inferior to that held by Maynooth at present, we can appreciate the difference between true and false reform.

Mr. Birrell, after dwelling on the destruction of libraries which took place in the sixteenth century, writes: "A man must needs have a very debonair spirit who does not lose his temper over our 'Blessed Reformation.'" But if a lover of books finds it hard to exercise restraint in view of the injury done to learning, it is still more difficult for the lover of religion, or even for the lover of art and beauty, to stand amid these crumbling ruins of a once lovely temple and a once famous centre of culture without a sense of indignation. After all, it is never possible to see the complete triumph of vandalism without pain, and the pain is only intensified when we reflect that the terrible havoc you see around you was wrought in the name of "The Pure Gospel" by men who claimed a mission from on high to Christianise and civilize this land. "Oh, Liberty," exclaimed Mme. Roland, "what crimes are committed in your name!" We may say the same of religion. And if anywhere on earth, then here in Ireland, and particularly here in Mellifont, which might serve as a parable to men of the consequences of heresy. Here we see its fruits, and by its fruits should it be judged. That is Our Lord's own criterion.

Mellifont was founded by St. Christian

O'Conarchy in 1142, but the impulse came from St. Malachy, Primate of All Ireland, successor of St. Patrick, a predecessor of our present most worthy Primate, who is with us to-day. In 1138 he made his famous visit to Rome, for Malachy was as much a Roman Bishop as St. Patrick had been or as Dr. MacRory is. And his conception of reform was to draw yet closer the ties that linked the Irish Church with the centre of Christian unity. He went to seek at the tomb of SS. Peter and Paul the inspiration for his great task and from Innocent II the authority and help he needed. His aim was thus diametrically opposed to that of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and just on that account it brought about a true reform unlike the wild and Bolshevistic upheaval which by a gross perversion of language is still styled "The Reformation." Abuses had inevitably crept into the Irish Church during the long and terrible nightmare of the Viking invasions. These he would abolish with the help of God and the See of St. Peter.

On the outward journey he visited Clairvaux, which was then the brightest spiritual beacon in the Christian World. There he met St. Bernard, and one of these saintly friendships began which are more romantic far than the passionate, and often sinful, things which men call love. On the return journey he again sought out the quiet of the *Clara Vallis,* once the Valley of Wormwood, till toil and prayer had changed its character and its name. On this occasion Bernard urged him to introduce the Cistercian Order into Ireland. Malachy agreed, and on his return home, he sent some postulants to Clairvaux to be trained in the spirit and rules of the young Order then at the summit of its holy prestige and marching day by day to new triumphs.

*

These postulants came back in 1142 with some French monks skilled in the making of bricks and the building of churches. This valley which you behold and much of the surrounding territory was granted to them by Donogh O'Carroll, Prince of Oriel, as Louth was then called. The work of clearing the site and erecting the buildings began. In 1157 the church was consecrated. By that time Malachy had died in the arms of St. Bernard at Clairvaux, in 1148. Christian O'Conarchy had been appointed Bishop of Lismore in 1150, and finally Bernard had passed away in 1153 and had been buried by the side of the Irish Saint whom he reverenced and whose *Life* he wrote. "United in life, in death they were not divided." Together they slept in the chancel of Clairvaux until the French Revolution, legitimate offspring of the "Reformation," rifled their tombs and scattered their ashes—only the heads being saved, which now repose in the Cathedral of Troyes.

Yet, though the creators of Mellifont had gone to their reward, or had been called to other spheres of activity, it was a goodly assembly that met for the Consecration. It was indeed the most notable gathering that the Irish Church had seen since the old days before the coming of the Danes. Malachy's successor in Armagh, the Primate Gelasius, was there, and Christian O'Conarchy, now Papal Legate, with seventeen other bishops and almost all the abbots of the country, was present. The High King of Ireland and many other chieftains were in attendance and showered gifts upon the new foundation, the importance of which they recognised, not only for the spiritual but also for the temporal interests of their subjects. The most inspiring person in that notable assembly was per-

haps Dervorgilla, the wife of O'Rourke of Breffney. She gave, we are told, a gold chalice for the High Altar and cloths for the other nine altars of the church. Later, in 1193, she died at the age of 85 and was buried in this church. It is to be hoped that she received the pardon of God. She has never received the pardon of Ireland. For her liaison with Dermott, King of Leinster, led to the Norman Invasion, and that event began an unhappy chapter in our history, as you all know. It even had its reactions on the quiet life of this monastery. English and Irish, though united in faith, were too divided in sympathy to live in harmony even in the cloister, and a long struggle for possession began. We find records of the strife in the all too scanty records of the Abbey. In 1250 it was decreed that no Englishman should be admitted to profession. In 1306, the rivalry between the two races rendered the election of an abbot impossible and the King of England, characteristically enough, seized the opportunity to annex the revenues of the monastery. But by 1322 the English element had so far prevailed that no one was to be admitted to profession who did not take an oath that he was not an Irishman. Thereafter, Mellifont was an Anglo-Irish Institution whose abbot had a seat in the Parliament of the Pale, and was accounted the premier abbot of Ireland.

Such racial separation in a small country was very ruinous to national interests. It was also injurious to religious interests. But such is the saving power of unity in belief, ritual and discipline, that the harm done was much less than might have been anticipated. Both sections of the Church acknowledged the authority of the Pope, held the same creed, administered the same

sacraments, were one in all essentials. This did not, indeed, prevent many bickerings, intrigues, jealousies and even rivalries. These were inevitable under the circumstances. And the truly astonishing thing is that they had so little power to destroy religious solidarity, where political passion and racial animosity were so intense. Certain it is that the storm of the sixteenth century found the Irish Church steady as a rock in spite of the fact that it consisted of two distinct national Churches, between which interest, passion and prejudice had dug a deep gulf. This aspect of the question has not been sufficiently stressed. That the Celtic wing of the Irish Church should meet the pretensions of Henry VIII and Elizabeth with indignant scorn was a foregone conclusion. But what was not foreseen was that the Anglo-Irish elements—the great nobles like the Geraldines and the Burkes, the lords of the Pale, the petty gentry, the burgesses and inhabitants of the towns, who were English by race, sympathy and self-interest, should have rejected so decisively the new-found creed of their British rulers.

To anyone acquainted with the history of those days, when politics far more than religion divided the attitude of peoples to the innovations, the loyalty of the Anglo-Irish to the old Faith is very astonishing. It was little short of a moral miracle. Of the fact there can be no doubt. Many of the nobles, not to speak of a few Celtic chieftains, gentry, court officials and lawyers, were quite willing to share in the spoliation of the Church, especially under Henry and Edward. But when this was accomplished they wanted nothing more, unlike the sacrilegious robbers in England, who fearing for their ill-gotten gains, dragged the nation deeper and deeper into the morass of heresy. The Irish nobility, to their credit

be it said, did not inaugurate the brigandage, they only took some of the pickings left by the rapacity of the court. They may have even been actuated by a patriotic desire to prevent any more Irish wealth from quitting our shores. Whatever be the explanation, they refused almost unanimously to follow the lead of England into heresy and schism. Indeed, they displayed a constancy in the Faith little less than that of the Celtic people, who simply regarded the whole affair as a manifestation of Antichrist.

Two examples will illustrate my meaning. In 1542 Thomas Eustace received from Henry VIII the Cistercian Abbey of Baltinglass, and took the title of Viscount Baltinglass. But in 1580 his grandson, the third Viscount, is found in rebellion against Elizabeth for the Faith. It was he who based himself on Bishop Leveron's famous answer to Sussex, that, as Our Lord had not conferred any jurisdiction in His Church upon His own Mother, it was not likely He would confer it on any subsequent woman. Baltinglass, like so many other swordmen of Irish liberty, "was worsted in the game" and died in exile. The abbey and lands given to his grandfather were conferred upon Sir Henry Harrington.

Again, Patrick Barnewall, Chancellor of Ireland at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, took an active part in the proceedings and grew rich on the spoils. Among others, he received the convent of Grace Dieu between Swords and Lusk. The whole family were enriched by his cupidity. But, and this is the curious thing, they have remained staunch Catholics till to-day. Indeed, in 1623 we hear of a Patrick Barnewall on whom the Pope conferred the title of the Abbot of Mellifont. I have read recently the list of the noblemen, the

gentry, and the chiefs who attended the Parliament of 1650, in which the Acts of Supremacy and Conformity were passed. It might be supposed that after this they would be Protestants. But, with rare exceptions, the names are the same as we find later constituting the Lords of the Pale and the Catholic nobility of Ireland. It took many generations and the diabolical contrivance of the Court of Wards to make any impression on the Catholic Faith even of those Anglo-Irish families, who yet politically were most cravenly subservient to England.

No, there is something in the Irish air, or rather in that long and strong tradition of orthodoxy going back to Patrick which makes heresy an exotic plant here that withers and decays. It has been fostered by the might of an Empire, and God knows it has been sufficiently watered with noble blood. But it has never struck roots downward or bore fruit upward. It has had an unhappy past and it has no future, at least in the form it assumed in the sixteenth century. Newer and even more dangerous errors may arise for which it has prepared the way. But the doctrines of Luther, Calvin, Knox and their adherents, now pertain as much to past history as Arianism or Pelagianism. Perhaps more so; for Modernism has reverted to Arianism by denying the Divinity of Christ, and what was Pelagianism but an early promulgation of that Rationalism which is the real heresy of to-day?

But I have wandered from the story of Mellifont. Founded in 1142, it seems to have been invaded by eager postulants. Within ten years, it had "swarmed," as the old expression ran, six times; set up six new spiritual houses through which the honey from this central "Fount of Honey" was dispersed over Ireland. There were Bective (1146),

Boyle (1148), Monister, or Monasterboice, in Limerick (1148), Baltinglass (1148), Shrule (1150), Newry (1153). Before the coming of the Normans there were already twenty-five flourishing Cistercian abbeys in this country, a fact that of itself disproves the calumnies by which Henry II beguiled the only Englishman that ever sat upon the throne of Peter into writing a very unfortunate Bull. Ultimately the number of Cistercian monasteries rose to forty-one, and there were two convents of Cistercian nuns. Other Orders flourished and spread in the same manner, until the whole island was studded with holy homes which were not merely centres of religious life, but civilizing influences of the noblest kind.

Even to-day the monasteries and convents of the Church perform many social and economic services that are not always adequately acknowledged. But in the middle ages the part they played was much more important, so important, indeed, that it is difficult for us to appreciate it now. In the early middle ages, which are known as the Dark Ages, it was armies of monks who went forth with spade and axe to clear the forests, drain the fens, build the roads, plant the plains with corn, and the hill-sides with the vine. They wrestled almost single-handed with the chaos and confusion which followed on the break up of Old Rome. They replaced, for supernatural motives, the countless thousands of slave labourers on whose pitiful lives were based the achievements of the Pagan masters of the world. In their *Scriptoria* they copied not only the MSS. of Holy Writ, but the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, thus saving for future generations a priceless literary heritage. Indeed, a goodly number of the older towns of Europe trace their history back to the moment when some saint with a few companions

settled in a wilderness and began transforming it into an oasis of cultivation and a habitation for man. Thus in our own country, Cork was conceived in the womb of time when Finbar and his monks descended into the sloblands by the Estuary of the Lee and started drainage, dredging, embanking and reclaiming the marshes from which the city gets its name. A modern writer tells us: "The first monks of Cistercian Rievaulx (Yorkshire) settled there in 1131, 'then,' says William of Newbugh, 'a place *vastae solitudinis et horroris.*'" Ramsey and Croyland were swamps only accessible by boats. The afterglory of Westminster was at first "the terrible place called Thorney," often flooded by tides, and Cistercian Furness (Lancashire) rose in Beckanskill, "the Valley of the Deadly Nightshade." Another author informs us, speaking of the Order that founded Mellifont: "Their influence on agriculture was also very great, their farms were the agricultural schools of olden times, and princes and bishops all tried to get the 'Grey Monks,' as Cistercians used to be called, as stewards and directors of their hospitals and institutions because of their capacity. In England, the cloth industry owes its rise to the Cistercians, though this fact is so forgotten that it will be news to many well educated people. By a strange irony of life, the property of the richest country in the world is due to a certain extent to a contemplative Order vowed to the strictest poverty."

We in Ireland owe to the Cistercians the introduction of Gothic architecture. Mellifont, St. Mary's, Jerpoint, Holy Cross, Tintern, Boyle, and many more, bear testimony to their skill. Their coming meant a revolution in the art of building. Our earlier churches rarely surpassed in

dimensions 40ft. in length by 20ft. in breadth. Mellifont must then have been something of a revolution, with its church 120ft. long by 54ft. broad. It became a model and an inspiration for all subsequent building, and if Gothic architecture never attained in Ireland the impressive splendour of the Continent or the beauty of the English Minsters, the reason was that the peace and prosperity requisite for such a development were denied us.

At Mellifont, too, the first examples of baked bricks in this country are to be found. Specimens still remain in the Chapter House. Here also a new era for farming and agriculture began. The Celtic tribes relied largely on flocks and herds, though some tillage, no doubt, was practised. But the monks tilled on a scale and with a science hitherto unknown. They harnessed streams to turn mills which ground the corn of a whole district. They planted woods. Thus the hills around you were once covered with oaks that have since disappeared. And a solitary Cedar-tree beyond the River Mattock on my right hand is all that is left of the ornamental woods which gave shelter to the monks as they walked and prayed. They planted orchards and gardens, for they lived largely on fruit and vegetables. They kept bees for honey, and still more for wax, which they fashioned into candles for the Church and their cells. They carded the wool of their own flocks and made their own cloth. For every monastery was almost self-contained and lived by its own labour.

But far more important was their spiritual influence. They were the schools of their time and often the nucleus of later universities. In them the sons of the nobility were educated, and the priesthood of the Church was prepared for its high function.

From the Orders were taken, far more frequently than to-day, the bishops and popes of the Middle Ages. Gregory VII, the great Hildebrand, was a spiritual child of the cloister. The Cistercians alone have given four popes and forty cardinals to the Church and a still greater number of archbishops and bishops. The Council of Trent, by its wise provision for diocesan seminaries, has made the Church much more independent of monastic foundations. But in earlier days they were simply indispensable for the training of priests, missionaries and evangelists.

Mellifont saw many vicissitudes in its career. There were times of trouble, chiefly due to the racial differences already mentioned. But there is no proof that at any period it had wholly forgotten its high traditions or failed to perform splendid services. And when the end came it contained 150 choir monks and 50 lay-brothers against whom no crime was even alleged, much less proven. This is worth noting. Nay, it has been faithfully noted by a Protestant historian of the *Reformed Church of Ireland,* the Rt. Hon. J. T. Ball, that whereas the Tudor rulers sought to justify their suppression of the monasteries of England by charges of laxity and immorality—now largely discredited by impartial research—no similar accusation of misconduct was made against the monks of Ireland. Rather we find Cromwell's own agents writing to him that at least six monastic institutions in the Pale must be preserved because they could not be replaced. They were needed for education, hospitality, and the care of the sick and the poor. Ultimately, of course, even these were suppressed, for Cromwell and his master cared nothing for education or the poor.

Hence, without a semblance of trial or a plea of

justification, Mellifont passed away after 397 years of noble activity in the interest of God and Ireland. At that time the aspect of this valley must have differed enormously from the scene of decay which we now behold. The Abbot of Mellifont was the first spiritual peer of Ireland. He was landlord of some 4,000 acres. The church and monastery, with the attendant buildings, must have covered all the ground from the entrance gate to the farthest wall still standing, and even mounted the slopes of the hills. In the " Doagh Meadows," across the stream and beyond the bridge that carries the county road, was a little village of tradesmen and dependents. We read also of the " town " of Tullyallen, which belonged to the monastery. But the town and village were " reformed " out of existence with the central shrine round which they clustered and on which they depended. For it should not be forgotten that though the monks sought solitude they were never allowed to enjoy it. The people followed them into their fastnesses. They loved to live within the sound of the convent bells, for these proclaimed peace on earth to men of good will in a world where the secular lords lived mainly for war and the chase. If abbots became great landlords it was not because they seized the land after blood-stained conquest or unholy confiscation—that type of landlord was to replace them—but because they had let out the land they had brought into cultivation at easy rents to husbandmen, who felt that it was good to live under the crozier, which alone could give protection against the sword of the marauder. Macaulay was no lover of Catholicism or of monasticism, yet he writes: " Had not such retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable peasantry and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European

society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey."

On July 23rd, 1539, the commissioners of "reforming" Henry arrived at Mellifont with a "cohort of robbers" (as on another solemn occasion in an olive Garden near Jerusalem), to receive the "voluntary surrender" of the monastery and all its possessions. The cohort of soldiers is sufficient commentary on the voluntariety of the act. Close on two hundred men were turned adrift upon a world where all the powers and principalities aimed at their extinction. But a solemn comedy of justice accompanied the act of plunder. The abbot was allowed £40 a year pension. This, no doubt, in those days sufficed to keep him in some comfort. Eleven others got pensions ranging from £4 to 20*s*.—note the generosity of the allowances! And this was all the compensation allowed to 200 homeless victims of Henry's zeal for religion and righteousness.

Then followed the pillage of the church and monastery. The sacred vessels and altar jewels were torn from tabernacle and sanctuary. The carved woodwork of chancel and stall was broken up and auctioned piecemeal. The very tombs of the prelates and princes who had chosen this spot as their burial ground in the hope of undisturbed slumber were dismantled and carried off. All the silver, gold and precious stones with which pious generosity had enriched the church, together with the plate of the abbot's house and the bells of the church, were reserved for the royal brigand himself. They were the most valuable and portable part of the looting. The rest was put up for auction and realised £141 7*s*. 3*d*. It was somewhat more than the thirty pieces of silver we read of in the Gospel. But then it had to be divided among many Judases, and it

may be questioned whether individually they made a better bargain than the Jew. They got something, however, and above all, they vindicated the liberty of the Irish Church against the tyranny and the greedy exactions of Rome! Altogether it was a famous victory.

When everything that could be removed was carted away there remained the buildings and the lands. In 1541 the abbey, with its spiritual and temporal appurtenances was leased to Laurence Townley for twenty-one years. In 1546 they passed by reversionary lease to a certain Brabazon. This was, no doubt, that English agent of Cromwell who was set to spy upon his other agents, such as George Browne; for Thomas Cromwell trusted no man unreservedly. But Brabazon, while zealously watching his brother pilferers, managed to line his own pockets, and founded a house which became quite influential in the land of its adoption. In 1551 he obtained a renewal of the lease for another twenty-one years. But in 1556 Mellifont became the possession of Edward Moore, a soldier of fortune, the originator of the Drogheda family. He converted the church into his dwelling-place, unperturbed by the ghosts of the dead who slept beneath its floor. You see, he was emancipated from the errors and superstitions of Rome. The outer buildings became a fortress to check the incursions of the "mere Irish" or the "Irish enemy" from Ulster. (How ironical it sounds to our ears.) Statues of the twelve Apostles, which had adorned the church, the new owner removed to his hall, dressed them in red uniforms and armed them with muskets. A militant Christian this and very, very reverent!

But he did not long enjoy his good fortune. Even

a fortress cannot keep Death away, and we soon find his son, Sir Garrett Moore, installed as Lord of Mellifont. Here, too, we come upon one of those bewildering changes of front which often surprise us in the history of the Ascendancy families. This Moore would seem to have been a gentleman, by what mystery of heredity I know not, and friendly to the Irish, against whom his father had fortified Mellifont. In 1591 he harboured the poor lame boy, Hugh Roe O'Neill, flying from Dublin Castle. It was here that the young Prince of Tir Conaill spent the night before his daring ride through the British garrison in Dundalk. Here, too, when all was over and the last great effort of independent Celtic Ireland had been made and made in vain, Hugh O'Neill came to sign the peace of Mellifont, the peace that was no peace, in 1603. Finally, some five years later, the heavy-hearted Prince of Tyrone came yet once more to Mellifont to say farewell to the O'Moores, from whom he parted in tears before the mournful flight from Rathmullan, when the curtain fell on one of the most glorious and yet most tragic acts in the long drama of Irish history.

But in the next generation the Moore family would appear to have reverted to type. In the spontaneous and almost universal revolt of 1641-1653, when Celt, Dane, Norman, men of the Pale as well as sons of the Gael, were forced by intolerable things to a united effort against the menace of Puritan fanaticism, the then owner of Mellifont stood out for Tyranny; and the Fountain of Honey, which Mellifont had been called, became a nest of human wasps issuing to sting. Sir Phelim O'Neill made an attack on it in 1641 of which divergent accounts survive. And later, in 1690, Mellifont emerges into history for the last time. King William of Orange

spent the night before the Battle of the Boyne in the house of the Moores, while his troops dug those trenches down the valley of which traces still survive. Then silence settles down upon the scene. The Moores had backed the winning side and held their ground. But in 1727 the owner of the abbey married into the Ely family, descendants of Adam Loftus, the great author of the Reformation in Ireland, which had acquired, among many others, the abbey of Monasterevan. This place seemed more attractive as a residence, so the Lords of Mellifont transferred their household gods, gave their name to their new home, which then became Moore Abbey. It is one of the many ironies of Irish history that to-day Moore Abbey is the residence of a Papal Count, John McCormack. If the mills of God grind slowly, they grind fine. I would not wonder if in time "the Grey Monks" came back as permanent residents, not as passing *revenants,* to their old Fountain of Honey. Stranger things have happened.

In 1727 the Balfour family succeeded to the Moores in possession of this district. They appear to have neglected Mellifont and let it go into rapid decay. In the nineteenth century some member of it who had more reverence or culture than his predecessors enclosed and saved the Chapter House. But who permitted a Scotch farmer to carry off the bones of Saints as top-dressing for his fields? Or who allowed the hideous structure we see here behind me to arrive in such a setting? It would be an eyesore anywhere. But here it is a desecration, which the artist must resent as much as the lover of religion. Yet, perhaps, it serves a useful purpose. It shows that he who was on piety was on beauty.

The moral of the story I have outlined so inadequately is clear. It is painfully clear to all who

gaze, as we do now, upon the abomination of desolation reigning in this once sacred spot. We learn the lesson that in time all things are justified, things are seen at least in their proper perspective. We know now where the truth was in the sixteenth century. We see error yielding and we see even the descendants of those who then fell away from the Church looking back with yearning eyes towards the Church they have left; we see them hoping for a unity the loss of which they experience bitterly; we see them once more trying to build temples to the Living God which shall be somewhat worthy of Him instead of destroying those that greater generations had built before them. We see them coming back to Christ and, I may add, to civilisation. We stood for truth then, we suffered for it, but now we are coming into our own. Under our eyes and in our own days there are great changes taking place in the world. It seems to me that all that's best in human nature is gradually finding its true alignment, which is with Rome. There is much wickedness still left, no doubt; the fight will always go on between those who believe in God and those who deny God. That fight must go on for ever; it's the Church, the Catholic Church, against the world, the flesh and the devil. It's the Church that's represented in Mellifont that goes back to the twelfth century, that goes back to Peter. It's that Church which alone will carry the standard of Christ in the ages that are coming!

The Benediction

After the sermon, St. Peter's Choir sang the *O Salutaris*, *Salve Regina*, and the *Tantum Ergo*, and His Grace Most Rev. (now Cardinal) MacRory

imparted Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament to the kneeling thousands who filled the spacious site of the famous old abbey and knelt in groups on the rocky hillsides that rise behind the Chapter House. This final scene of deep impressiveness was a fitting ending to a day that was for Mellifont, for Drogheda and for Ireland, too, one of triumphant rejoicing for the freedom of our beloved Faith, and for the resurgence of the glories of Mellifont from the ashes of the past.

The whole vast congregation then joined in the singing of *Faith of Our Fathers* and *A Song for the Pope,* many thousand voices rising from the lovely valley of Mellifont in a grand paean of praise and thanksgiving to God.

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